

1925  
THE COLLEGE  
SATURDAY REVIEW

No. 3646. Vol. 140.

12 September 1925

[ REGISTERED AS  
A NEWSPAPER ]

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**SUBSCRIPTION RATES.**—The subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW is 30s. per annum, post free. Cheques should be sent to the Publisher at the above address. The paper is despatched in time to reach subscribers by the first post every Saturday.

### NOTES OF THE WEEK

WE are surprised that so little has been said in the daily Press of that new journalistic indiscretion of Lord Birkenhead's to which we devoted a leading article last week. We can hardly suppose that the *Morning Post* and the SATURDAY REVIEW are alone in recognizing that a puff in aid of an electrical condenser manufacturer is not one of those "articles of a historical character" which Lord Birkenhead was to be allowed to write till his contract was worked out. Nor can it be believed in any responsible quarter that an arrangement to which the high contracting parties are the Secretary of State for India on the one part and on the other the gentlemen who conduct *Mayfair* contributes anything to the dignity of the Government or of the country. Nor, again, can it be assumed that the indignation of the daily Press, excluding the *Morning Post*, is being reserved for explosion when the twelfth of the

great series of puffs has appeared and Lord Birkenhead is free to sin no more. Why, then, this silence?

### SOME REASONS FOR RETICENCE

We will allow as probable that some who might censure Lord Birkenhead refrain from doing so because they regard him as incorrigible. We fear, however, that certain papers spare him the castigation earned by his blatant performance because they look to him for the realization of their dearest hope—a revival of the glorious days of the Coalition. There may also be those who, erroneously supposing Lord Birkenhead to be within a step of Fleet Street on the one hand and Queer Street on the other, are too gentle to blame him for striding into even the oddest part of the former. But it is useless after what two papers have said on the subject to fancy that Lord Birkenhead's exploit is unknown. Despite his choice of a medium, his essay in appreciation of the gentleman who makes the doubtless very excellent electrical condensers has reached the public, which is asking

Everything's right—  
if it's a

Remington  
TYPEWRITER

First in 1873—  
First to-day!

itself whether there is any sort of job which the ex-Lord Chancellor and present Secretary of State would not undertake for a substantial fee. That is not a question which it should be possible to ask about a British statesman.

#### BELGIUM AND THE PACT

It is a great pity that the individuals who draft official communiqués are generally so out of touch with the man in the street, since they are slow to learn that the British public would rather know the truth than an untruthfully optimistic interpretation of the truth. In the matter of the Security Pact, for example, there has been no justification for most of the cheerful things we have been told about it. The meeting of the legal experts in London last week was useful, but it was not by any means the brilliantly successful meeting many people would wish us to believe. Mr. Chamberlain is so devoted an admirer of M. Briand that he is a little too willing to accept the French Foreign Minister's plausible assurances. Not so, however, Dr. Gans, the German legal expert, or, what is more important, M. Vandervelde, the Belgian Foreign Minister. It is quite probable that Belgium may play, during the next few months, quite as important a rôle as she played in the first few months of the war.

#### THE LEAGUE AND AGGRESSORS

When M. Briand came to London a few weeks ago, Mr. Chamberlain agreed that in certain cases of "flagrant aggression" France should take sanctions without awaiting a decision of the League of Nations Council. To this both the Germans and the Belgians object, and it is to be hoped that their opposition will enable Mr. Chamberlain to show a little more firmness in defending the one valuable provision of the League of Nations Covenant—namely, that in no case may a State Member of the League go to war until after various efforts at arbitration or conciliation have failed. Delay might have prevented the Great War, and efforts should be made to hasten the machinery of the League Council in deciding which State is the aggressor, rather than to hasten war against a State which neutral opinion has not yet signalled out as an aggressor State. The Chamberlain-Briand-Vandervelde discussions will only become of very great importance when to these names can be added that of Herr Stresemann.

#### WHAT M. CAILLAUX HAS TO LEARN

If M. Caillaux had hoped that, by coming to an agreement with Mr. Churchill, he would persuade the American Debt Funding Commission to grant France less severe terms than have been granted to Belgium, he must be sorely disappointed. Both M. Caillaux and Mr. Churchill are very roughly handled by the American newspapers, who declare that it is better to behave like Shylock than to behave like a fool. A generous creditor is not, of necessity, a fool, but it appears certain that M. Caillaux will learn, as soon as he reaches the United States, that only on one condition might Congress be persuaded to show leniency. Presi-

dent Coolidge has not yet abandoned hope of fathoming an international disarmament conference, the one obstacle to which is the French policy that there can be no disarmament without security. A measure of security may soon be obtained through the Western Pact, and if France chose to please Mr. Coolidge by facilitating his conference, he might please France by using his influence to facilitate the terms of the French debt agreement.

#### A CHECK TO LABOUR EXTREMISTS

The survival of commonsense is not so rare that we need go into raptures over any instance of it, and we deprecate the kind of comment too frequently made during the last few days on the refusal of the Trades Union Congress to be hustled into giving the General Council power to call general strikes at its absolute discretion. Mr. Thomas and Mr. Clynes, though remarkable enough in many ways, are not exceptional among Trade Unionists in possessing wit enough to see whether such a policy would lead. Neither of them, in fact, shrewdly and boldly as they spoke against the proposal, were more damaging in criticism of it than such less conspicuous leaders of Trade Unionism as Mr. Naylor and Mr. Timberlake, of the London Society of Compositors, or Mr. Brownlie, of the Amalgamated Engineering Union. In short, whether among leaders or the rank and file, there is no lack of commonsense when an extreme proposal is thrust forward in all its crudity. The danger to Trade Unionism from within lies not so much in such proposals but in subtler suggestions about the "united front" that Trade Unions must oppose to that mysterious (and unwarrantably assumed to be homogeneous) entity, capitalism.

#### THE DIRECTION OF GENERAL STRIKES

All the same, it must not be imagined that we have heard the last of proposals to give the General Council the power to call general strikes without reference to any other authority. The wild men have been checked, and time has been gained for consideration, but the scheme will reappear, though with the handicap of appended objections by some of the most powerful Unions and some of the most respected leaders. It is just conceivable that it might be so modified as to have a chance of securing a majority. But should it come to pass that the individual Unions were seriously prejudiced in their right to settle conditions with employers, there would undoubtedly, as Mr. Naylor said, be both secession of members from the Unions and of Unions from the Congress. No doubt the Trade Unionism of to-day eagerly seeks power, but it is power to secure better conditions of work, not power for its own sake; and when Mr. Swales, Mr. Cook and a few others expatiate on the enormous power that centralized and instantly operative direction of general strikes would give Labour, they forget that simple truth.

#### FRANCO-SPANISH POLICY IN MOROCCO

The more one hears of the Franco-Spanish campaign in Morocco, the less one sympathizes with France and Spain in their difficulties. There is no

longer any room for doubt that Abdel Krim's many efforts to avoid war with France were treated with contempt by Marshal Lyautey in Morocco and by leading politicians in Paris. A correspondent of the *Matin*, who has just visited Riff headquarters, was treated with a courtesy which indicates how easily peace could be restored even at this late hour. French prestige would suffer little if Abdel Krim were granted independence on the same lines as that granted to King Feisal in Irak, and the Riff leader would probably ask for nothing more. In any case national prestige suffers less from conciliatory steps than from official communiqués to the effect that Spanish airmen have killed nearly fifty people in an air raid on Ajdir. After all, London and Paris could to some extent protect themselves from German raiders, and Ajdir cannot.

#### GREAT BRITAIN AND CHINA

It is less Great Britain's fault than her misfortune that the note of the signatories of the Washington Treaty on Chinese customs and extraterritoriality has only been sent to Peking after so many weeks of delay. It is also probably to no great extent her fault that the note has caused disappointment even to the more moderate Chinese, who insist on the futility of a commission of inquiry into the present situation in China. If the Treaty Powers feel that their extra-territorial rights cannot be abrogated unless the commission can report favourably on the stability of the Chinese Government, the Chinese feel there can be no governmental stability while public opinion has cause to resent foreign interference in Chinese affairs. This vicious circle is inevitable, but its unfortunate effects may be diminished if the commission of inquiry is established without delay, and if the British representatives in all Chinese negotiations are persons of outstanding importance who can take the lead in treating the whole Chinese nationalist movement with a sympathetic understanding which will counteract the effects of Bolshevik propaganda.

#### THE CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTION

The Canadian General Election at the end of next month turns mainly on the questions whether a stronger tariff policy is not necessary to reply to the United States tariff, whether taxation cannot be reduced, and whether the country can indefinitely bear the burden of heavy deficits on the national railways. A certain prominence is also given to the question of the powers of the Senate. Mr. Mackenzie King has no very good case, but he can justifiably point to the very great difficulties under which he has laboured. That he will be decisively defeated seems at the moment rather unlikely, though Conservatives will doubtless gain a good many seats, in some areas, such as the Atlantic provinces, in straight fights, and in some others through the Liberals and Progressives hampering each other. So far as this country is concerned, it is to be realized that a Conservative victory would be followed by a reduction of British preference unless we were prepared to give further benefits to the Dominion.

#### THE MOSUL BLUNDER

WITH what object does Mr. Amery seek to commit this country to twenty-five years' responsibility in regard to Irak? We ask the question with special reference to Mr. Amery, not because we suppose him to have spoken at Geneva without the acquiescence of the Cabinet, but because we suspect that zeal for this very dubious cause is found in him almost alone of Ministers. Mosul? We do not underestimate the importance of Mosul, but there is such a thing as paying too high a price for a thing that on other terms might be worth having, and this country will be paying far too much, in money and anxiety, if not also some day in blood, for any benefits derivable from Mosul, since the bargain involves an extension of responsibility for Irak by twenty-five years. The policy urged by Mr. Amery and apparently accepted by the Cabinet is inconsistent with previous Conservative declarations, inconsistent with the general trend of British policy in Asia, ill suited to the financial conditions of our day, eminently likely to involve this country in hostilities, and so far as we can see destined to ultimate failure. What overwhelming argument is there to set against all these objections, which we may elaborate but which, in truth, are almost too obvious to need any development? It can hardly be a moral argument, for the League Commission's Report, in declaring that Mosul belongs of right to Turkey, and cannot be made over to Irak alone, makes an end of any purely moral case. The question is reduced to one of which we must judge on grounds of expediency.

That the new policy cannot be squared with that which Mr. Baldwin, with general Conservative approval, announced during his first Premiership, is evident. He then undertook to extricate this country from entanglement in Irak within a period which will end three years from the present date. Now he consents to entanglements there, and of a much more serious kind, for twenty-five years. And at such a time! For we are no longer living in the era in which a highly prosperous Great Britain was expanding territory and acquiring zones of influence in almost every direction, with perfect confidence alike in the Imperial mission and in financial and other ability to bear the burden of ever-increasing responsibilities. On the contrary, we are in a period in which this country, rightly or wrongly, in one sense or another, is withdrawing from full responsibility for areas and populations immensely more important to us, and far more closely associated with us in the past, than Irak. We observe the course of British policy in Egypt, in India, and then are suddenly confronted with this new adventurousness in regard to Irak. It is, to be sure, adventurousness with a time-limit. That, however, does not help the case for it. For only the deliberately blind can fail to see that at the expiry of the twenty-five years our work in Irak, should we have been able to continue it so long, will collapse, and that, with our withdrawal from Irak, Mosul must revert to the Turks.

Meanwhile we shall have been committed to precisely one of those undertakings which the traditions of British strategy condemn most emphatic-

ally—the protection of a region hundreds of miles removed from the nearest point at which British sea-power can make itself felt. It is pretended that the outlay on military support of the Government we prop up in Irak is not heavy, and urged that at least a large part of it would have to be incurred in any event, since the air squadrons and the battalions we have there would have alternatively to be trained somewhere else. But the point is not what we are spending there at present, though that is quite enough to irritate the harassed tax-payer. The moment we enlarge our undertakings in that part of the Middle East we shall be forced to choose between an economy which renders effective protection of Mosul impossible and a large increase of outlay. British prestige in Asia, weakened in Egypt, in India, in China, cannot afford any reverses in Irak, where the checks and defeats we suffered in the earlier part of the war at Turkish hands are by no means forgotten. Unless we are prepared to risk what remains of our prestige in the East, we shall be driven to add to our expenditure in bolstering up Irak.

Throughout the contemplated period we shall be in danger of finding ourselves at war with Turkey, if not as the result of deliberate Turkish action ordered from Angora, then in consequence of frontier incidents in a region where responsibility will be hard to fix. Now the present Turkish Government may have done much to disconcert and even to alienate Mohammedan sympathies elsewhere in the East. It has abolished the Caliphate and the religious schools, and at the moment it appears to be engaged in an undiscriminating campaign against all the Islamic monasteries, only some of which are reasonably suspected of mischievous political activities. But it will be very long before the Mohammedans of India cease to feel that Turkey, even the new secular Turkey, is the leader of the Mohammedan world. Friction with Turkey cannot but cause great anxiety to us in India and elsewhere in the East. Why should we go out of our way to undertake a charge which guarantees trouble with Turkey?

The development of oil-supplies may seem a most worthy and pacific ideal, but we must look very sharply to it that it does not become a disguise for the development of military competition in a region where we must either spend heavily or be at a serious disadvantage, where even petty and temporary failure will cost us dear in prestige, and where complete success over the long period of twenty-five years could only close in the collapse of all for which we had laboured. Irak by itself could not now hold Mosul. There is not a shred of evidence in support of the belief, if indeed there be in any quarter such a belief, that twenty-five years hence Irak will be able to do so. To what end, then, does Mr. Amery urge the new policy? He has achieved at Geneva, in controversy with the Turkish representatives, a triumph as a debater. Nothing could have been more effective than his reply to those allegations against the British. To the most pointed of his questions and criticisms the Turks could make no reply at the time, and the reply they have since circulated leaves him an easy victor in argument. But, with the lamentable acquiescence of Mr. Baldwin, who was all for getting out of Irak in 1928, he is driving this country into the least hopeful of all the Eastern adventures in its history.

## MYSTERY AT GENEVA

Geneva, September 9, 1925

EVERYONE who talks of the League of Nations talks of the "Geneva Atmosphere." One party treats this atmosphere as a danger to national sovereignty and the other party looks upon it as the hope of the world. The Duke of Northumberland fears that everyone who breathes the air of Geneva becomes an enemy of his country, and the enthusiasts of the League of Nations Union seem to imagine that every man who steps out of the train at Geneva is as innocent of intrigue or selfish patriotism—*sacred egoism*—as a new-born babe.

In reality, of course, the "Geneva atmosphere" is not a bit what people believe it to be. Although more meetings are held in public than at any other international conference in history, there is any amount of intrigue, and any number of important decisions are taken behind closed doors guarded by unpicturesque and phlegmatic Geneva policemen. Diplomats go off to quiet corners to whisper to each other just as they would in the books of Mr. William le Queux. M. Briand and Mr. Chamberlain slink from their hotels to their motor cars in the vain hope that they will be able to lunch at some village inn up the lake without being noticed and followed by scores of journalists representing scores of countries. There is not a bit that atmosphere of excessive open diplomacy of which President Wilson, most secretive of men, delighted to talk, although nearly six thousand Americans have been led docilely through the offices of the Secretariat during the past year. The American League of Nations Non-Partisan Association has now two gentlemen whose job it is to show distinguished visitors from the States over the former Hotel National, which is now the "Palais des Nations," the headquarters of that international civil service, the Permanent Secretariat of the League. But a tourist centre may still remain a centre of political intrigue.

South Americans and Southern Europeans adore Geneva for its opportunities for intrigue, and a scandalous amount of political bargaining goes on in Geneva's cafés, hotels and streets. One looks in vain for the "Geneva atmosphere" of the sentimentalists. One finds instead another, but more useful, atmosphere. When, as is very often the case, publicity will persuade a nation to "play the game" publicity is used, and visitors may crowd into the Council Room or Assembly Hall to hear a dispute fought out. But when publicity would hinder some very delicate negotiations, then the silence of Geneva is as the silence of the grave. There are rumours, for example, about the discussions between Mr. Chamberlain, M. Briand and M. Vandervelde on security, but the very divergence of these rumours proves how devoid they are of foundation. The secrecy is complete.

This judicial alternation between extreme publicity and extreme secrecy, however, does help to produce a "Geneva atmosphere" which is the League's greatest asset. In the great entrance hall of the Secretariat you will find an extraordinary mixture of people. Labour delegates from the Marseilles Socialist Congress gossip to American millionaires; an insignificant-looking gentleman,

M. Painlevé, tries politely to dodge a Turkish journalist who is also a notorious secret agent; unexpected people, like M. Paderewski, the Comtesse de Noailles and a Rugby International, may be picked out in the crowd. There is no more democratic gathering in the diplomatic world, and if the unpractical sentimentalists are here in force, they wield far less influence than the Duke of Northumberland or the League of Nations Union realize. Most of the work of the Assembly is practical and, alas, very drab and dull.

But these informal meetings of delegates, deputies, distinguished visitors and undistinguished tourists are of very real value. It is easy to discuss here diplomatic problems which cannot be discussed in the cold and correct atmosphere of ambassadorial correspondence. Some months ago, for example, negotiations for an alliance between Greece and Serbia met with bitter failure. Both countries wanted the alliance, but neither the Greek Minister in Belgrade nor the Serbian Minister in Athens could take the first step to renew negotiations. In Geneva the Greek and Serbian delegates meet, shake hands and ask each other, "What about it?" In a few days agreement has been reached on several important problems, and the alliance is once again a probability. The work accomplished in official meetings of the League is generally useful, although it is intentionally made as little sensational as possible, since where there is a sensation there is generally bad feeling. But it is in the corridors, the cafés and the hotels of Geneva that the most important work is done. There is a "Geneva atmosphere," but it is not one of vague idealism. It is one in which delegates, all working primarily for the benefit of their respective countries, are able to find out with the minimum of friction just how far they can go and how much they can get without causing across the frontier that misunderstanding and anger which lead to war.

## A FRANCO-GERMAN RAPPROCHEMENT

[FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT]

**S**O Herr Loebe, President of the Reichstag, was at the Sorbonne last Wednesday. He said nothing, but his presence was eloquent. So was the disappointment which his silence created in the audience. When you remember what such a Pacifist as M. Herriot—who was also to have been present—wrote, during the war, about the impossibility of any German orator reappearing before a French audience for a long period to come, it seems prodigious that a President of the Reichstag should be invited to a convention in Paris less than seven years after the signing of the armistice. Undoubtedly the enlightened portion of French opinion has moved towards peace with a rapidity which the most sanguine people could not have anticipated.

As a matter of fact, there is now no political quarrel between France and Germany, and if, as is to be hoped, the efforts of a handful of dangerous people to re-create an Alsatian ques-

tion do not succeed, there will no longer be any. The necessity of an outlet for German expansion is recognized in France, and the corresponding necessity of finding for Germany a colonial mandate is frequently mentioned in the Paris Press without calling forth any protest. What is left of the old *malaise* is the fear of German nationalism and a more or less vague anxiety concerning the Security Pact and the German plans for using the League of Nations against the natural alliances of France. It must also be added that the logical French mind, remembering what was so recently said in most sections of the foreign Press against the character of Germany, is not so ready to forget it and to act as if there had been no violation of Belgian neutrality and no inhuman occupation of Northern France.

But, in spite of all this, a deep instinct tells the French that peace must come, and that it has to be paid its price, which will be, sooner or later, the forgetfulness of sentimental grievances. The moment we complete economic arrangements which are inevitable and which agreements between industrialists on both sides of the Rhine every day make easier, the step will seem infinitely less difficult to take. Then, no doubt, it will be remembered that there were days when the relations between Germany and France were normal and even cordial, not only when Madame de Staél wrote her book, 'De l'Allemagne,' but even under Napoleon the Third, when Biarritz was the resort of the German aristocracy and when Bismarck was a lion in Paris.

It is natural that the first steps towards a *rapprochement* should be made, on one side, between the Socialists and Internationalists of both countries, and, on the other, between the Catholics of Northern France and those of the Rhine countries, whom the memory of the *Kulturkampf* prepares for a better understanding of the French state of mind. Before the war meetings on religious grounds were frequent. There were eucharistic congresses and conventions of Catholic scholars and constant exchanges between the champions of Leo the Thirteenth's social ideas in Paris and in Cologne. German pilgrimages to Lourdes seemed entirely natural. So it was comparatively easy for M. Marc Sangnier to revisit Germany as early as 1922 and to defend a policy antagonistic to that of M. Poincaré in the Chamber. In a fortnight or so the same politician will meet a number of Germans at a convention in Luxembourg, while the well-known *Caritas Verband*, in Freiburg im Brisgau, is sending invitations to many Frenchmen to attend a similar meeting in October.

Before the war, an earnest industrialist in that most earnest of French towns, Lyons, M. Vanderpol, had founded a Société Gratry, or 'Ligue des Catholiques pour la Paix,' which was revived in 1921, in Paris, under the name of 'Ligue des Catholiques Français pour la justice internationale.' This league is closely connected and virtually affiliated with the 'Institut de Droit International Chrétien' at Louvain and with the 'Union Catholique d'Etudes Internationales,' founded at Fribourg in 1917, while the war was at one of its tensest moments. Its two most active members, Monsignor Beaupin and R. P. de la Brière, S.J., are

now in Geneva, where their presence at the sittings of the League of Nations is officially recognized. Their chief effort, in fact, is to bring about not the entrance of the Vatican into the League, which is, though it ought not to be, Utopian, but a constant collaboration between the League and the Church. They are not Pacifists of the ordinary description. The very title of a small magazine they publish, *Justice et Paix*, shows that their point of view is different from that of the Duc de Broglie's association *Pax*, and is more nearly related to that frequently expressed by Cardinal Mercier, but their intellectualism is distinctly international.

These may seem humble beginnings, but when we reflect that even such appeared out of the question only a short time ago, peace ceases to appear as an impossible dream.

### THE EGO IN THE COSMOS

BY GERALD GOULD

I DO not think I shall ever write my autobiography. Modest as I hope I am, I doubt if I have enough modesty for that. What, to fill two stout volumes with adulation of my friends, and depreciation of myself! What, to rank the ugly and ordinary events of my time as worth the huge labour of recording, while I belittle and exclude those dreams which, precisely because they go out from me and inhabit the objective air, are most mine own! It is not to be thought of.

A very strange illusion persists about the relation of the ego to art. It is supposed that your personal chatteringer, who spins his work from within, is the egoist: that your large handler of solid and general themes is the selfless one. This illusion is to be contradicted both by example and in theory. Who is the more egoistic, Lamb confessing to his personal taste in friends and folios, or Bacon laying down the law "Of Unity in Religion" and "Of the True Greatness of Kingdoms and Estates"? Clearly, the latter. And not only is it so, but it must be so. The simplicity which plays with its own idle hours and light fancies, taking for granted that its range cannot aspire beyond them, is more modest than the pretension to direct empires, or to shoot conjecture at the stars. The man who insists upon his own pursuits and his own opinions makes no claim for them beyond the fact that they are his own: the politician and the mathematician insist that their opinions shall be yours. The mathematician perhaps does not much matter, because you cannot understand what he says anyway; but he is not the less for that egoistical. He presumes —he, a mere forked radish like myself!—to frame a world so austere and so abstract that there is neither going into it nor coming out of it; and he calls it truth. Give me rather the autobiographer with his muffin-monologues and crumpet-dotage! We criticize autobiographies from the wrong point of view. We ask: "Who is so-and-so, that he should tell us the story of his life?" But what we ought to ask is: "Who is so-and-so, that he shouldn't?"

Some memoirs were published the other day by a lady whose name I seemed to myself to have

heard; but in what connexion I could not conceive. Was she a cinema star, or a scion of a great house, or a "lady's lady"? I asked the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW: but all he said was that he believed I had made the name up myself. However, we discovered it in 'Who's Who'; and the autobiographer turned out to have a perfect right to publish her memoirs; I have no doubt that they were fragrant with modesty, as sweet and simple as the flowers in a cottage-garden.

There is, of course, a great, an essential, difference between such autobiography and mere biography. The latter is a far more dubious form of art—more dubious, and more presumptuous; for it presumes knowledge where doubt alone should dwell. Critics, professional critics, the critics who write about books in newspapers, have been accused by Mr. Belloc—I know not on what evidence—of being unduly partial to biography:

And least of all can you complain,  
Reviewers, whose unholy trade is  
To puff with all your might and main  
Biographers of single ladies.

Most of the ladies, by the way, who inspire this particular art can by no means be described as "single": the heroines, for instance, of 'An Arabian King's Favourites,' or 'Women who Influenced Tiberius.' I hasten to add that these titles are (as far as I know) entirely imaginary, and no reference is intended to any dead person; but you realize the sort of book I mean. And I do not question that it is an admirable sort, though I have never sampled it. Single ladies make perhaps better, but probably more difficult, subjects: there is something about that very word "single" to intimidate, even though of everybody it must have been true once: Mr. Bardell, it will be remembered, "was once a single gentleman himself." But more and more, whether of gentlemen or ladies, whether of singles or doubles, do biographies abound; they may yet push other forms of fiction off the market; yet among them, or apart from them, the autobiography preserves its special place—the violet of the publishing season, the sign and refuge of humility.

In the autobiography, published this week, of a very well-known journalist, there is a passage bearing on the current fallacy about the personal and impersonal in writing. This journalist had been a leader-writer, and became a writer of "middles"; and he says:

I was quite right in supposing a "middle" to be much harder work than a "leader." A "middle" is an essay. . . . Being an essay, it must express personality, and the expression of personality (which is style) implies a drain and drag upon the heart, the brain, or other vital organs of the writer.

But is not a leading article a drain, a drag? Cannot a leading article have style? Is it not an essay? No writer can write anything which does not in its measure, however well or ill, express personality; for no writer can have anything else to express. And nobody ever expressed anything well without feeling that his heart and brain had given out strength and virtue in the process. I believe the true distinction between "middle" and "leader" is that expressed in their very names: the latter is the more solemn, august, for it presumes to lead. *In medio tutissimus ibis*—you will go most safely in a "middle."

And the distinction is the same as the one I have tried to draw between autobiography and

biography. As for saying that any form is *easier* than another, that must remain an individual judgment: men have different aptitudes, and one man's "middle" is another man's extremity. But the personal essay, the personal record, make smaller demands, assume a smaller sphere, are more intimate, more friendly—more modest. For my own part, I would rather write a "middle" than a "leader." But I go no further than the "middle." If I were so much as to contemplate the autobiographical mode, I should discover my ego in the way. (I may err, for I quote from memory; but is there not a character, somewhere in the works of Mr. Kipling, who is described as having "too much ego in his cosmos"? And is not that character a monkey?) I should not be able to think my little interests, my faint aspirations, my "trivial fond records," quite so unimportant that the world might be made free of them. Then be of good cheer: one grain, at least, will never be added to the growing pile. I do not think I shall ever write my autobiography.

## OUR SOLITARY WAYS

BY ANTHONY BERTRAM

"I HOLD every man," wrote Bacon, "a debtor to his profession." I think, at all events, that engine-drivers are in a great debt of gratitude to *their* profession. Not only do they follow a way of life that we have all, at one time of our lives, most tremendously envied them, but they command, as I have recently learnt, a field of aesthetic appreciation denied to all other mortals. I chanced upon this wonderful fact only a few days ago, travelling up from the country. In my compartment were two engine-drivers (or one, perhaps, was a fireman: I am ignorant of the badges of rank). They were talking in low voices, like any mere mortals, on the misfortunes of the race-course. Then they fell silent, and gazed raptly out of window. I, in my romantic ignorance, believed they had been touched by the mellowness of the September landscape, wafted out of the cogs and oil of their lives into a Wordsworthian contemplation. But no. They sat back and exchanged sympathetic glances of pleasure and admiration, and one of them—I think it must have been the fireman—said with bated breath: "As lovely a bit of smoke as ever I see."

I have been speculating ever since whether members of other unwritten-up professions have similar secret enthusiasms. We all know a little of undertaking, if only from Mr. Omer, whose sole recollection of poor little David Copperfield's father was that he was five foot nine and lay in five and twenty foot of ground, if he laid in a fraction. We have all sympathized with Mr. Omer's distress at not being able to ask how a party was, when a party was ill, and his wish that parties was brought up stronger minded.

But consider the pawnbroker. With our national determination to brighten the darker side of life, we have made the pawnbroker comic, along with mothers-in-law, twins, sausages and policemen. And yet, perhaps, the pawnbroker has sorrows

and joys we know not of. I picture one pawnbroker who might say to another: "What a charming shade So-and-so's new tickets are. A Matisse pink, I should judge." Or we may hazard another glimpse of their private lives. This same gentle, susceptible pawnbroker at a convivial meeting, with tears in his eyes, might suddenly exclaim: "Poor old Such-and-such, I know now why he's late. I'm afraid I have his watch."

Am I too fantastic? Let me be more so, for this holiday mood of speculation must run fantastically or it is as dull as serious thinking. Let us imagine two scavengers in conversation over a pint of beer. Might not one say: "Now that Bond Street is being re-made we shall have some chance of keeping it, both aesthetically and hygienically, worthy of its proud position as the fashionable shopping thoroughfare of our metropolis." And to him the other: "You are fortunate. My lot, alas, is cast in Wapping High Street, where the quantity of daily refuse and the cobbled surface preclude any really satisfactory results."

But perhaps this fancy is too giddy and unfirm. Maybe that the scavenger of the East and the scavenger of the West are a twain that shall never meet. I do not know. It is when we attempt thus to pry into realms beyond our immediate lives, that we realize most how little we do know. Men work obscurely, hammering out this vast, intricate filigree of our modern lives, each intent upon his microscopic, allotted portion; and if ever, in such a rare mood as that to which I have been impelled, one raises his head to watch his fellows, their work is so strange to him, their social relations, viewpoints on all matters, systems of life, sorrows and joys, so utterly mysterious, that he is appalled to remember that they are, like him, men. Surely the life of the dog or cat is better known to each of us than the life of our neighbour, who, it is ten to one, moves, as we say, in a different world.

We make our companions of those who have something in common with us. Would it not be well sometimes if we sought out a friend who moves in a different world? This moral reflection having come to me, as the result of a great deal more desultory speculation than I have dared to set down here, I attempted to-day to learn something of the life of my window-cleaner. He is a quiet, insignificant little man, who arrives once a month, with pail and rags, wherefrom I never thought to wonder before. I found him very diffident, very nervous, but after a little encouragement he told me a great deal about the technique of window-cleaning. We took a cup of tea together, and I tried to be very affable and to tell what I thought were funny stories. He did not laugh much. After a time the conversation lagged. Then he said irrelevantly: "My wife died this morning."

The proper study of mankind is man, but how to set about it? How to scan those whose lives do not touch ours at any point, or how to enlarge the narrow glimpse we may gain in the whirl of business? That my friend cleaned windows ably, it was my right to know, and I knew it. Beyond that, how to go without blundering? Shall I, next time I travel, approach the engine-driver? "As pretty a bit of smoke"—shall I say?—"as ever I see." And then what shall I say?

## THE THEATRE

## GREEN FIELD AND GREEN HAT

By IVOR BROWN

*Tess of the D'Urbervilles.* By Thomas Hardy. Barnes Theatre.  
*The Green Hat.* By Michael Arlen. The Adelphi Theatre.

**M**R. HARDY wronged his own greatness by attempting to dramatize 'Tess.' However well the play-making is done much that is essential must be lost. The generalization that a good book makes a bad play is nonsense. But 'Tess' is more than a book in the storytelling sense. It has the largeness of an epic and the sweeping contours of a creed. You may not like the creed, but you cannot deny to its expression the simple power of an honest affirmation. From the green fields of Wessex, Mr. Hardy is answering the lyrical outbursts of well-fed Victorian Liberalism. Tennyson, comfortably established in royal and public favour, did not find it difficult to believe that God fulfils Himself in many ways, and for Browning, breathing a blithe Italian air, it was easy to observe that God is in His heaven and the world O.K. But Mr. Hardy has been the author who stays at home. He has never made a cult of the peasant; that has been amply done by the urban men. Who should know more of the elemental farm than Mr. Chesterton, who could study the subject once in Battersea and now amid the suburban villadom of Beaconsfield? Mr. Hardy, derided by Mr. Chesterton, has merely watched and pondered and recorded "on the spot," and 'Tess' is a major portion of his testament. To cut and trim it for the purposes of a stage-play is to do it an inevitable injury.

Impersonal forces haunt the pages of the book. Man's cruelty to man snarls through the chapters while the winds of destiny go sighing across vale and down. Admit that the author wrote in a bitter mood, yet the bleak air that enfolds the fortunes of poor Tess has the stinging force of fundamental brain-work. This is not the lyrical pessimism of 'The Shropshire Lad,' not the ferocious world-hatred of Shakespeare's darkest hours, nor the biting raillery of the eighteenth-century sceptics. It is a thing of contemplation and compassion mixed, as sad and gentle as a misty autumn day, and yet, like autumn, passing into passionate gusts, as when the author turns for a moment to probe some bladder of Sunday-school complacence or of chattery-smattery optimism.

The stage cannot give us that. It must reduce the epic to the episode. It cannot avoid creating a melodrama of the familiar sexual triangle. The parts become larger than the whole, whereas in the book the whole is so very much more than the sum of its parts. I have always taken Alec D'Urberville on trust and I have never believed in Angel Clare at all, but for me Mr. Hardy's triumph has been his power to make me read 'Tess' again and again, despite the conventional portraiture of Alec and the incredible portraiture of Clare. At Barnes I meet these difficult people face to face, and I sympathize with the actors who must embody them. Mr. Austin Trevor and Mr. Ion Swinley do their jobs as well as may be, but the two men remain the trappings of the tragedy. The heart of it is in Mr. Hardy's brain.

But to see Miss Gwen Frangçon-Davies as Tess is to receive compensation. I repeat that 'Tess' ought not to be acted, but if it must be, then this is the way. The performance is a victory of art over nature. Physically, Miss Frangçon-Davies is more fitted to be a shepherdess of Dresden than a turnip-slicer upon Wessex fields. This Tess, so delicate as to be an elfin figure, would never have reached the hangman's hands; farm-labour, such as Tess endured, would have been an earlier executioner. Yet the actress, who does not look the part, manages to become the part. If there is not the full physique of the daughter of toil, there is all the inarticulate anguish of the stricken child of nature, whose brain cannot reckon with a world so harsh. Miss Frangçon-Davies is an actress who can do nothing roughly or clumsily. Her 'Tess' has the grace of a flower in the wind, but it is a flower in the wind and not a flower in the shop. There is nothing "actressy" about her performance; in her moments of muted suffering she is profoundly moving, and her transition to the rage of the murderer drives into the very roots of tragedy. The dramatization of 'Tess' has not given us a play that is in any way comparable with the book, but it has provided us with the bloom of acting. Those who have seen this Tess, moving, in the simple "period" dresses so well designed by Mr. Aubrey Hammond, from her innocence to her abyss, will not easily forget a portrait which might well have been only exquisite to look upon, but is in fact a vivid affirmation of the player's power to transcend appearance and to assert reality.

It is an awkward descent from the pensive austerities of Mr. Hardy to the flashy cleverness of Mr. Arlen. Both dramatists depict the ruin of a woman. Both dramatists are well represented on the stage. That is all they have in common, and I do not intend to insult Mr. Hardy by comparisons, although the subject invites it. Mr. Arlen has imposed himself on the British Public as the Voice of the Smart Set. He has invented what I believe to be a new literary vice, namely, the ability to be pert and pompous in a single sentence. The world is to the inventor nowadays, and I am informed that 'The Green Hat,' apart from its success in book-form, has delighted Chicago as a play. It is not surprising. For if anything could be relied upon to make England look ridiculous, it is surely the production of this outlandish portrait of our landed gentry. The great families to whose domestic interiors Mr. Arlen is our guide consist of fools and cads, who continually gather to fire off Arlenian conversation (i.e., pert pomposities), as they go about their nonsense. Now the Marches and the Harpendens may be the blunderers that Mr. Arlen makes them out. But they would have, I feel sure, a certain modicum of manners. They would not brawl and bellow at sick-room doors, and discuss their most intimate family affairs in mixed company. Their young women would not call themselves virgins in a giggling kind of way, and they would not keep up a perpetual and semi-public conversation about "decency" and "purity." There is a certain tragic quality about the decline and fall of Iris March, because Miss Tallulah Bankhead acts the part with an unforced sincerity which has power and beauty. Apart from her performance the play is occasionally noisy and frequently dull.

The odour of hair-oil that hangs about Mr. Arlen's descriptive prose is slightly reduced by the intervention of the actors, of whom Mr. Eric Maturin and Mr. Norman McKinnel are the more distinguished. The scenery is far more gentlemanly than the dialogue, and Mr. Nigel Playfair's clever production provides at least one room which looks like a habitable place instead of the usual stage "set."

### A HAYDN OPERA

By DYNELEY HUSSEY

OF all improbable things, an opera by Joseph Haydn was produced by the Carl Rosa Company last week at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith. There is probably not one in ten persons of musical training who would, on the mention of his name, think of Haydn as even remotely connected with the operatic stage. "Father of the String Quartet," "Perfector of the Classical Symphony," are the titles that come into the mind. The fact that he did write some operas—there are fourteen in all, besides five for marionettes—is occasionally brought to the notice of mildly surprised audiences by the performance of an overture or an air. A few weeks back we had the overture to 'L'Isola Disabitata' at a Promenade Concert. This is a delightful piece, and interesting as a real attempt to foreshadow in the Prelude the emotions of the subsequent dramatic action.

But, so far as the importance of Haydn in the history of music is concerned, the nine are right in their estimate. For as a composer of opera his influence was negligible. He probably had no great inclination towards composition for the theatre, and merely turned out works in operatic form to meet the requirements of his patrons, the Princes of Esterhazy, who needed entertainments for their guests at the "second Versailles." Haydn made no bid for public favour as an opera-composer; his works were privately produced, and remained for the most part in manuscript until recently. And it is notable that he ceased writing operas altogether twenty years before he died and a few years before the death of Prince Nicholas Esterhazy set him free from entire dependence upon private patronage. In this respect his career provides a strong contrast to that of Mozart, who had to struggle for recognition in the open market.

The opera given by the Carl Rosa Company was originally written to an Italian libretto, and entitled 'Lo Speziale.' It was produced at a private house in Vienna, whither the Esterhazy court had moved for a while, in 1769—the year of Mozart's first essay in opera, 'La Finta Semplice.' The work was repeated in concert form, and then remained in manuscript until in 1895 it was published and revived in a German version as 'Der Apotheker.' To us it has come as 'The Apothecary.' In style it is a typical *opera buffa* of the period—a plot of intrigue carried on by a number of stock characters in stock situations. But the librettist has made skilful use of the old material and makes Sempronio, the old apothecary who wants, like Dr. Bartolo, to marry his ward for her dowry, a very human figure. He is an amateur of military strategy as well as by profession a

pharmaceutical chymist, or rather allows his proper work to slide while he fumes at generals who conduct wars like pantomimes (rhyming, of course, with "behind the times"). The others are less vivid—an apprentice, who knows nothing about prescriptions but can make love successfully, the mezzo-soprano gallant, who knows too much to be a successful lover but is versatile in disguise, and the ward whose sole purpose is to receive the protestations of the three men and bestow herself on the tenor. But they serve well enough as pegs for Haydn's delicious tunes.

These are the making of the piece as a most pleasant hour's entertainment. They have a grace and delicacy which should popularize the work with any audience, and indeed won great applause at last week's performance. They are certainly not the equals of Mozart's best airs in profundity of feeling or in absolute dramatic aptness. There is none of the "melancholy," on which contemporary writers about Mozart insist so much. The philosophically-minded may deduce this as a result from the contrast between the circumstances, as well as the temperaments, of the two composers. Haydn was essentially genial by nature, which does not mean that he was devoid of deep feeling, and was happily situated. Had his circumstances been less fortunate, he would probably have borne with them less hardly than Mozart, who was far more sensitive. But the delicious quality of Haydn's music must not blind us to the fact that, within its narrow scope, it is often very deft in its aptness to the dramatic action. After hearing this little work one is inclined to think that, had his inclinations led in that direction, he might have been as great a composer of operas as he was of symphonies and chamber music.

The opera went very well in its English guise. It has been translated by Mr. Andre Skalski, the lively young conductor who is rapidly improving the standard of this company's performances, and Mr. Kingsley Lark. They have made full use of the genius of the English tongue for amusing rhymes, which has made it the language *par excellence* of the "limerick"; and their translation is refreshingly free from most of the idiocies which appeared at one time to be inseparable from opera in English. The singers have not wholly freed themselves from the bad traditions of the past, and still do violence to the vowel-sounds of their native tongue. Nor have they yet developed the proper style for singing the recitatives, which can go as pat in English as in Italian—German is a much slower language and can never satisfactorily cope with it—if only they will get the words on the tip of the tongue.

The success of this work and the failure of its companion, 'The Departure,' a heavily handled comedy by the Anglo-German, Eugen d'Albert, gives a lead both to the composer and the producer of operas. 'The Apothecary' is just the kind of thing that goes so well in English, and there must be dozens of light works by composers of the period between Cimarosa and Rossini, which would well repay the trouble of production if only a small theatre could be found for them. And composers might learn that, in order to write opera, they need not be, like Matthew Arnold, "always wholly serious," nor, when they take a light subject, break it on the wheel of heavy symphonic treatment in the Wagnerian style.

THROUGH AGRICULTURAL  
SPECTACLES

By L. F. EASTERBROOK

## II—THE FARMER

THE British farmer is an individualist. The figure of John Bull standing squarely in his field is his figure, and it is this intense individualism that is the key to his outlook. It arises from what has been called "the terrific continuity" of the countryside. The traveller in England to-day can see sheep grazing on hills where they have grazed for a thousand years, and when Saxon Harold marched from the north to meet Norman William at Hastings, he must have passed by some of the same cultivated fields as are still waving with corn. Religions, forms of government, national crises, kings, princes, and revolutions have come and gone, but the process of agriculture has run on continuously, an easily distinguished thread in the fabric of our national history. Irrespective of all outside changes, the British farmer had stolidly carried on his job of wresting a living from the soil. In addition he has always enjoyed comparative independence. Even the thirteenth-century serf was looked upon by his lord as a man fit to be bargained with in such matters as the handing over of the lord's cattle to be tended through a winter for an agreed sum, and landlord and tenant have usually been partners rather than master and servant, although there have been times when the senior partner has bullied his junior with a malignity that is still remembered. As farms in Europe go, English farms are large, and this fact, combined with the somewhat autocratic nature of the business, has tended to make each farmer feel himself the ruler of a small kingdom.

From these causes have sprung the characteristics that are so largely national characteristics—independence, stolid perseverance, self-reliance, quiet courage, and a love of tradition. To the same causes can be traced the farmer's chief faults—his reluctance to adapt himself to the times and use new methods, his lack of a "team spirit," or of any unanimous policy, and a certain niggardliness of outlook, not uncommon among those who live from the soil, that often prevents him from casting his bread upon the waters. He hates Wages Boards, professors of agriculture, and Mr. Lloyd George. The two first because they constitute direct assaults upon his independence, the third because he once promised them something for nothing and then thought better of it. Long after Mr. Lloyd George's other faults may be forgotten by the towns with their shorter memories, his Repeal of the Corn Act (1921) will be cherished in bitter recollection by those corn-farmers who were rash enough to put their trust in politicians.

The British farmer is far more of a sentimentalist than he would ever admit, and this may be the reason why he is not, on the whole, a good business man. For him the pleasant things of life are food, sport, broad acres, and open skies. Where he has inherited his farm from his father, he is passionately attached to the few acres which for him are England, and he only asks to be left in peace to work among the things he loves for an absurdly small return as businesses go in these days.

From time to time attempts are made to induce the farmer to co-operate, but because the British farmer is so very British, it is doubtful if he will ever welcome co-operation, and something on the more individualistic lines of the joint stock company would probably be better suited to his psychology. With regard to a general policy for his industry, it may as well be realized that there is no spectacular solution to the

agricultural problem, so far as the farmer is concerned. In the suggestions recently put forward by the National Farmers' Union for improving conditions in the industry, no broad policy was suggested beyond the perfectly logical statement that if the urban population wanted arable farming on an extensive scale, they must be prepared to make good the loss sustained in it, otherwise the farmers would pursue their industry on lines most profitable to themselves. With logic still on his side, the farmer also argues that if an Act of Parliament is passed that regulates the wages he pays his men, a parallel Act should also come into existence that gives him the means of complying with the law. But as there are not half-a-dozen farmers in every thirty who agree as to what this other Act should be, an outsider's chances of producing any solution, acceptable even to a bare majority, would seem to be remarkably slight. Whatever were done by Protection, subsidies, bounties or guarantees, it could never benefit equally the two opposing classes in the farming community, arable and stock, for artificial assistance to the arable farmer leaves the stock farmer in the lurch, with higher costs and nothing additional with which to meet them, while the encouragement of the stock farmer leaves the arable farmer in the air. This may explain a little, perhaps, why the farmer cries to the politician: "Let us alone," and in the next breath: "What are you going to do for us?" In accordance with our national custom, the politicians have followed both courses just far enough to exasperate everyone.

Generalizations about farming are as dangerous as generalizations about Ireland, of which country Mr. George Birmingham most truly remarked that "nothing can be said of it but the exact opposite can also be stated, and proved up to the hilt." There exist in England some of the best and some of the worst farmers in Europe, and the standard of farming in different districts is so varying that instances on one side can always be balanced by instances on the other. Here the best farming in the world can be found within a few hundred yards of methods that can only be called medieval. But one fact is undeniable—that British farming is not at its zenith. So far as the farmer himself is responsible for this, it would appear that, although there is a strong leavening of enlightened, enterprising farmers, there is no permeating spirit of advance to bind the general body of them together in a desire to bring their industry up to date; there is still a tendency to be a little scornful of what the man on the other side of the hedge is doing; "what my grandfather did" is too often "good enough for me." Our tenancy system, our large farms, good soil, and good climate have enabled the moderately efficient farmer to scrape through bad times and exist, on the whole, in fairly happy circumstances. For though he may have the reputation of being a grumbler, this is rather a pose, a variety of "touching wood," that has not really obscured a genial, easy-going, contented nature. That was all very well so long as farming was left outside the altered circumstances of the industrial revolution, but unfortunately this state of affairs has all been changed by advances in other countries and by social conditions here. The necessity has now come for farming to compete with its old rival, the towns, in offering rewards to labour and capital, and in the general keying up of competition all over the world, agriculture has become involved in the race that goes to the swiftest. The years since the war have seen the crisis grow acute. How will it be decided? By the final demise of British agriculture, by the altering of the British farmer's fundamental characteristics of individuality and conservatism, or by the rise of a new race of farmers who will combine business methods and scientific knowledge with the agricultural skill and resolute independence of their forerunners?



Dramatic Personæ. No. 188.

By 'Quiz.'

## MR. A. B. SWALES

PRESIDENT OF THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS, 1925

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

*The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.*

*Letters which are of reasonable brevity, and are signed with the writer's name, are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.*

*Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.*

## INVESTMENTS AND DEPRESSION

*To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW*

SIR,—The coal mining industry is one of several industries that are suffering from severe depression, and arguments have been put forth by the SATURDAY REVIEW in favour of the nationalization of the coal mines, because it is considered that the coal mining industry will never again be self-supporting.

It is possible that one of the principal reasons of the depression, and also of the fact that its consequences are unequally borne by different sections of investors, has not received sufficient thought and attention. There are broadly three sections of securities which concern investors :

- A. Stock guaranteed by the Government and Councils of towns and counties.
- B. Stock of companies engaged in industries sheltered from competition outside the country.
- C. Stock of companies engaged in industries which has to withstand competition outside the country.

At the present time there are thousands of millions of pounds worth of War Loan which is giving dividends at a fixed rate of interest independent of the financial condition of the country.

The interest from this War Loan stock is subject only to the ordinary direct taxation and does not support in any way the indirect taxation.

Money invested in securities denoted by section "C" has to bear a crushing weight of indirect taxation.

The fate of one industry is very often involved in the fate of another industry, e.g., one ton of steel plate requires approximately four tons of coal in its manufacture. The report of one of our steel shipbuilding firms, which is probably one of the oldest in the world, states that seven years after the conclusion of the war, the accounts for excess profit have just been completed, and that the debit balance for the year is in excess of a quarter of a million pounds.

While one section of capital bears no burden of indirect taxation, another bears an overwhelming burden towards its own collapse.

These things ought not so to be.

Probably 2,000 million pounds has been paid as interest by the country to investors in War Loan stock since the war was ended, and it is this stream of money carelessly obtained and carelessly spent which is responsible for the high cost of living in a time of abnormal depression.

It is the ratio between the capital which bears very little burden, to that which bears excess of burden, which fixes the inequality of the suffering of different sections (not classes) of the community.

It is not intensity of suffering but inequality of suffering that produces revolution.

It would be more seemly if there were less notoriety given to those who were the occasion for the trouble, and more attention given to that which was the cause.

Inequality of suffering in a country is like unequal circulation of the blood of the body.

They both produce disease, and of both it may be said that if more thought were given to the health of the body, none would be required for the germs of the disease which disintegrates the healthy tissue until everything is corrupt.

To tax the dividends from money invested in securities denoted by sections "A," "B" and "C" at discriminating rates is one of the most important methods by which peace security can be established in the country.

It may be argued that it would not be keeping faith with investors in War Loan and other stock to tax their dividends at a higher rate than dividends received from certain industries.

It must be remembered that there are other sections of the community who have had to suffer the disappointments of trusting to promises that were not or could not be fulfilled.

One Prime Minister told the labouring classes to open their mouths wide, and informed them that the country was going to be made fit for heroes to live in.

One Chancellor of the Exchequer told the investors in industrial securities that excess profits would not be required when the war ended.

It is more just that the burden of an honourable promise made to one section should be borne by other sections, than that they should fold their arms and smile complacently.

If the proceeds from an increased tax on dividends from War Loan stock and the stock of banks, railways, corporations, etc., were used to pay certain employers' liabilities for State insurance and other indirect taxes, the result would be a considerable improvement in trade and a reduction in the cost of living. Nationalization of the mines cannot get rid of the trouble due to the policy of feeding War Loan stock at the expense of industry.

I am, etc.,  
W. ROGERS

## CANTERBURY OR ROME?

*To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW*

SIR,—Pressure of work prevented my replying ere this to Mr. Nash's last attack upon the English Church and, incidentally, upon me. I only do so now because statements which, from the historian's point of view, are obviously foolish cannot always be safely left unchallenged.

With regard to what Mr. Nash says about Monseigneur Duchesne's views, I would merely say that he has mistaken my meaning, and that I had no intention of suggesting that the Monseigneur was not "orthodox" on the question of the papal supremacy. What I said was that as a historian he had made out the best case he could for it, but that, in my opinion, this case did not amount to much. The passage cited by Mr. Nash from Irenaeus cuts both ways. The Saint speaks of the "more powerful principality" of the Church of Rome; i.e., he uses the comparative where, from the infallibilist point of view, only the superlative would fit the case. But if, as is asserted, the supreme authority of Rome was recognized at that time by the whole Church, why did the Saint think it necessary to write this passage at all? An Anglo-Catholic or Evangelical Bishop, seeking the way of peace, might use much the same language as Canterbury.

Mr. Nash says that "the Catholic Bishops Bonner, Gardiner, Heath and Day were thrown into prison" (they were, as a matter of fact, kept in honourable captivity in the houses of their successors); and the suggestion is, to judge by the context, that this happened to them because of their noble opposition to Henry VIII's divorce and to the Royal Supremacy. Well, Bonner first came into prominence in 1532, when "he was sent to Rome to obstruct the judicial proceedings against Henry in the papal curia," and in 1536 "he wrote a preface to Gardiner's *De vera obedientia*, which asserted the royal, denied the papal, supremacy, and was received with delight by the Lutherans" (Prof. A. F. Pollard). Now our controversy has been about Canterbury and Rome, and it

is false to suggest that these Bishops were punished for their faithfulness to Rome. They would have accepted the Royal Supremacy under Elizabeth, as they accepted it under Henry; what they would not accept was "the new religion," and they were deprived, not for denying the Royal Supremacy (except by implication) but for refusing to agree to the substitution of the Communion for the Mass. Gardiner had even accepted, though very reluctantly, the First Prayer Book of Edward VI.

Mr. Nash ends by giving your patient readers a quotation from Cobbett's 'History of the Reformation' in support of his ungenerous attack on the character of the Reformers. Now Cobbett's character and career are, or ought to be, well enough known. He was a born agitator, who spent a strenuous life attacking everybody and everything, and his 'History' was no more than a whip to sting up the Bishops, pompous Tories whom he disliked. He knew nothing about the Reformation, save what he had picked up from writers scarcely better informed than himself: for historical scholarship had not yet provided the mass of original material we now possess. I am told that his 'History' is still circulated by Roman Catholic propagandists of the baser sort, and this, I suppose, is how Mr. Nash got hold of it. So far as I am concerned, this is conclusive. As a serious historian, I cannot possibly continue to argue with a gentleman who regards Cobbett as an authority on the Reformation.

I am, etc.,  
W. ALISON PHILLIPS

Savile Club

*To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW*

SIR,—I submitted some such facts about Church Councils as go to prove that, in the first Christian centuries, the Bishop of Rome was not so much of an authority over the Churches in the East or even in the West, as your correspondent—Henry W. Nash—alleges he was. As facts must be countered with facts, your correspondent no longer appeals to history in the abstract but singles out, in support of his case, a passage from Irenæus. That passage does not lend itself to the use made of it by your correspondent. I see it satisfactorily dealt with in a treatise by a Protestant polemic.

I am now in a better position to gauge the proficiency of Henry W. Nash as a historian. "It is perfectly obvious" (as he would say) that he treats Cobbett as an authority on the history of the Reformation. What passed with Cobbett for history passes with Henry W. Nash, and with, say, the *Catholic Herald*. The last-mentioned contained a very interesting item of Catholic truth or Catholic history on July 18. It was to the effect that John Hus died at Constantinople.

I am, etc.,  
D. C.

10 Marchmont Street, W.C.1

**A WAR MEMORIAL**

*To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW*

SIR,—After having viewed many of our British War Memorials—most of them dull and uninspiring, and some of them horrifying—it was a pleasure recently to come across the most satisfying monument of this nature that I have seen. This memorial to two brave men of the district who fell in the Great War stands in the churchyard of Zennor—a tiny Cornish moorland village swept by the winds of the Atlantic. The monument consists of a simple rectangular monolith of rough local Cornish stone with a carving in low relief round the top, of Meshach and his two comrades (of the Bible story) in the "Fiery Furnace"—surely the most apt allegorical allusion ever represented on a

war memorial. In its calm dignity and restrained carving this simple monument stands, in my estimation, easily supreme among war memorials.

Mr. Homerville Hague, the painter, who recently made himself notorious by his public denunciations of the Epstein panel in Hyde Park, would probably denounce this charming work of art at Zennor. But few people who have heard him will take Mr. Hague seriously—I myself had a bout with him in Hyde Park a week or two before Whitsun. His time would perhaps be better employed holding denunciatory meetings at Hyde Park Corner in regard to the Machine Gun Corps memorial. With every regard for Mr. Derwent Wood's known skill as a modeller, most thoughtful people must acknowledge that his "David" (front view) is one of the flabbiest figures erected in London for many years. The Biblical David killed Goliath not with a machine gun but with a sling—so it is related. Mr. Derwent Wood's "David" does not look as if he could say "boo" to a goose, let alone use a sling.

I am, etc.,  
"TOURNEBROCHE"

**SLEEVELESS SHIRTS**

*To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW*

SIR,—In his article on 'The Revolution in Dress,' in your issue of August 29, Mr. Edward Shanks says that "the first men who dare to put on shorts and sleeveless shirts will deserve a testimonial from the sex." I can testify to the comfort resulting from the removal of sleeves from my summer shirts. That my trousers have not also been cut off at the knee is owing to a protest "from the weaker sex," but after reading Mr. Shanks's article they will doubtless withdraw their objections and allow me to display my shapely calves for public admiration.

I am, etc.,  
YOUR ACROSTIC EDITOR

**PATER O'FLYNN**

*To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW*

SIR,—Though I did not see how to recast Stanza IV so as to bring out all the points of the original, I had intended to suggest emendations of three of its lines:

Line 2: "Flynni facetias multum miratus est." ("In verba . . . miratus est" is not correct Latin, and one wants the thought suggested by "facetias.")

Lines 6 and 7:

Clerici nonne gaudere debent?  
Fas nonne clericis esse Hibernico?

I am, etc.,

"PRESBYTER ANGLICANUS"

**THROUGH AGRICULTURAL SPECTACLES**

*To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW*

SIR,—The farmer has need of all his patience, subject as he is to the trickeries of the British climate, the petty tyrannies of the law over his intimate concerns, to say nothing of the incursions of the public, gathering his blackberries and mushrooms, or trampling his hay as they fish in the river, for the useless rights of which he is taxed, although in flood time it is a source of serious damage to his crops.

Dubbed the proverbial grumbler, he is at heart stoical and in spite of much provocation rather fine in his inarticulate simplicity. During the war I met a shepherd on the mountain side carrying a lamb, and his conscience was being sorely outraged by Government orders to plough up the meagre pasturage of his flock, and it was impossible not to sympathize with his resentment at the clumsy restrictions and red tape that cheated him of his daily bread.

I am, etc.,  
T. FAITH BISHOP

Hillcote, Newcastle

## NEW FICTION

BY GERALD BULLETT

*Mockery Gap.* By T. F. Powys. Chatto and Windus. 7s. net.

*More Tales of the Uneasy.* By Violet Hunt. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.

TWO years ago Mr. T. F. Powys hit on the amusing idea of writing a piece of fiction that should have at once the sharp visual appeal of a woodcut and the rhythmic appeal of a simple fugue-pattern. He achieved both effects, almost at one stroke, by means of a ruthless and often irritating simplification of character. His people existed in only one dimension, and each of them possessed only one quality, or, to put it another way, each of them was hagridden by some one desire which, having no root in emotion, was both arbitrary and idiotic. This desire removed, the character at once fell down, dead as mutton. This means—since sanity consists in a balance of qualities—that all the characters were lunatics. There was (in 'The Left Leg') Tom Button, admittedly mad but no worse than the rest, who spent his time chasing unreluctant village drabs and chattering to inanimate objects. There was old Ann Patch, who hated all young children and whose one joy in life, as we were told a hundred times, was killing black beetles with her boot. And just as beetle-crushing was, so to speak, the Ann Patch motif, so artificial teeth was that of Hester Dominy's mother, libidinous desire that of Minnie Cuddy, dog-worship that of Mr. Poose, pig-worship that of Mr. Tasker, keeping accounts that of the Reverend James Crossley's wife, and so on and so on *ad nauseam*. Even in the first of the stories, when it had at least the charm of novelty, this trick became tiresome; in later ones it is simply intolerable. 'The Left Leg' introduced us to a place, naïvely called Wessex, that bore no relation at all to any county trodden by the foot of man, a nightmare region of the mind populated exclusively by devils, goblins, and half-wits. It was a kind of obscene fairytale, a grim joke; and I for one laughed as heartily as the next man, finding Mr. Powys's gall at least preferable to the milk-and-water of those more amiable writers who delight to idealize rural life and character. But when a second book appeared that was built on exactly the same formula, I began to yawn. When the second was followed by a third and a fourth, I protested that the joke was wearing thin. And now, with the publication of 'Mockery Gap' I am forced to the reluctant conclusion—so insulting to Mr. Powys—that this author takes himself seriously, that he believes in his dismal nonsense, that he is determined to go on producing book after book (this last is the fifth in two years) depicting all rustics as dolts and rascals, bestially lustful and cruel, and all sophisticated characters as nervous wrecks and ineffectual sentimentalists.

I detect in 'Mockery Gap' some slight effort in the direction of geniality: casual copulation does not occur more than a dozen times, and cruelty, though almost as ubiquitous as usual, is not perhaps so conspicuous as in 'Mr. Tasker's Gods.' But Mr. Powys will not have you forget that the natives of Mockery, no less than those of Dodder and Madder (significant names!), are a vile and vicious species. Malice, envy and all uncharitableness, spite without reason and fornication without fun: this is the stuff of rural life as Mr. Powys sees it. So when young Simon Cheney ("a god, whose business was pleasure, and whose pleasure was a girl") has gratified his appetite with Mary Gulliver, we are told:

It wasn't our pretty god's habit to loiter beside a girl after having amused himself with her, as more ordinary folk would do, leading this aftermath of maidenhood with whispered promises home to her cottage. But Simon, when he had entertained himself for a few moments with stoning the horse, left Mary and strode home along the lane thinking of Dinah Pottle.

That is a slovenly piece of writing: it is awkward in construction, and there is no logical justification for the "but" with which the second sentence opens. Mr. Powys, though no stylist, can do much better than that. But the quotation affords a good example of the author's characteristic manner, his bitterness, his furious and intemperate sarcasm. Never was there an author who hated his creatures more savagely. He cannot allow them a single virtue, but must be for ever snarling and sneering at them and cudgelling their faces out of all human likeness. If they were anything but puppets one's impulse would be to rush forward with sponge and bandages to administer first aid: as it is, one is vaguely irritated and decidedly bored by this protracted display of temper. At what is it aimed, this angry satire? That there are Simon Cheneys in the world I am not concerned to deny, but it is certain that they will not read Mr. Powys's books. Simon will go on being Simon, no matter how many times he is held up to scorn and loathing by Mr. Powys. Nor is he worth study for his own sweet sake: appetite without psychology is the worst possible subject for fiction because it possesses no interest except for the specialist in biology. The proper study for the novelist is man, and most of us can be neither shocked nor amused, nor anything but bored, by the sexual behaviour of the lower animals. Three parts of his time Mr. Powys is not a novelist at all: he is the proprietor of a menagerie. His work presents the converse of the world depicted by Mr. Kipling in 'The Jungle Book.' Mr. Kipling showed us animals with human psychology: Mr. Powys shows us men and women moved by purely animal (and therefore uninteresting) impulses. Mr. Powys's anger is therefore unreasonable. If they are as simple as he pretends they are sub-human animals; if they are animals they are innocents. Why then this fury of (implied) denunciation? Mr. Powys cannot have it both ways. It cannot be too often repeated that mere appetite, whether sexual or otherwise, is a dull theme, and that preoccupation with it has already been the artistic ruin of many a clever novel.

Let us now glance, with Mr. Powys, at Mrs. Pottle, whose energies are all absorbed in a senseless hatred of her neighbours the Prings:

The mother cat had escaped the children who had chased it some days before, and had safely produced its young that Mrs. Pottle had now strewed in the path after shutting up the mother in her wood-shed.

The blind kittens raised their heads in order to ask pity from a world that to them was a mere place of murder, with the murderer, Mrs. Pottle, standing above and ready to beat them to death with a great stick.

"You be Mrs. Pring," she shouted, beginning to lay about her with the stick. And when she hit a kitten she yelled the louder—for Mrs. Pring's cottage was so near—"You be Mrs. Pring that I be killing."

As soon as Mrs. Pottle had killed them all, she smiled at Mrs. Pattimore, who had looked on horrified at the slaughter. Mrs. Pottle's smile—a reddened one, for the blood of a kitten had spattered her cheek—was but meant to hold Mrs. Pattimore a moment.

There follows some dialogue, and then:

Mrs. Pattimore looked at the kittens; there was a little life still in one of them, that Mrs. Pottle was now kind enough to squash out of it with her heavy heel. "One of they Prings," she said as she did so.

No purpose, whether artistic or moral, is served by this riot of nastiness. There is no question that Mr. Powys means well, but the fact is that he is morbidly obsessed by his loathing of cruelty and lust and cannot refrain from describing, with angry relish, the characteristic phenomena of those vices.

I have left myself no space in which to deal adequately with Miss Violet Hunt's new stories. Studies in the vaguely sinister, they are highly intelligent and competent, as with such an author they could not help being. But I confess myself disappointed. The intellectual quality of the writing is respectable, but in the total effect there is something lacking. My flesh did not creep. My hair was not raised. No lightning flash of beauty (by which I mean significance) occurred to surprise me.

## NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

Notice under this heading does not preclude or prejudice subsequent review.

**W**E are disposed to give first place this week to what, it is to be feared, will be the last book by a writer who has long entertained a large public. Mr. Anstey has entitled a collection of his old and new stories and sketches 'The Last Load' (Methuen, 5s. net), and since it would be a poor service to any author to beg him to continue when he feels the time has come to lay down the pen, we must acquiesce. But there are many things in the volume, especially certain scraps of dialogue, which sharpen our regret.

Turning to a number of important-looking illustrated books, we find ourselves hesitating over the edition of Anatole France's 'Penguin Island' (Bodley Head, 16s. net), illustrated by Mr. Frank C. Papé. This artist is clever enough, and he has lavished ingenuity on his designs, some of which are exceedingly effective; but is this how he feels Anatole France?

No sort of doubt, however, will trouble anyone who looks into 'Garden Craftsmanship in Yew and Box' (Benn, 15s. net), by Mr. Nathaniel Lloyd. The illustrations, mostly from photographs, are here chiefly for instruction, but many of them also yield delight; and the book appears to be the first in which its charming subject has been isolated for full and practical treatment.

Mr. Walter Shaw Sparrow's 'Memories of Life and Art' (Bodley Head, 12s. 6d. net) gives us reminiscences of early days at the Slade School under Legros, who lamented his many disappointments over brilliantly promising but unperforming girl students, of artistic life in Belgium forty years ago, and of more recent work as a writer on art.

'Henry Thoreau' (Cape, 12s. 6d. net) appears to be an addition of some importance to the number of authoritative works on writers of English given us by French critics. Its author, Leon Bazalgette, is already known as a critic of Walt Whitman. But Thoreau on this scale? Surely Thoreau, like Borrow and Richard Jefferies, should be dealt with more compactly as a writer of curious appeal but minor rank.

Continuing in the open air, we may note Major Gerald Burrard's large book on 'Big Game Hunting in the Himalayas and Tibet' (Herbert Jenkins, 25s. net), which has contributions by many other authorities. We have given it but a hasty glance, but have already found evidence that it is based on careful observation in the remark that poor shooting at bears is generally due to failure to allow for the deceptive height of the animal's withers.

Among a large number of miscellaneous books, for the publishing season has begun, we must particularly notice two volumes of fiction: 'Christina Alberta's Father' (Cape, 7s. 6d. net), in which Mr. H. G. Wells appears, if fifty pages are an indication of the whole book's quality, to have returned to his best manner, and the remarkable short stories by Mr. Gerald Bullett, 'The Baker's Dozen' (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d. net). Mr. Bullett's stories seem to be born each of an irresistible impulse to give form to an idea or emotion, and he has a quite peculiar gift of heightening the significance of his material by exhibiting it not directly but as mirrored in some ingenuous, imaginative mind. Look at the story called 'The Sunflowers'!

Lastly, a pleasure for the few we know, for the many we hope, there is Mr. Aldous Huxley's new volume of essays, 'Along the Road' (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d. net).

## CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Subscribers to the SATURDAY REVIEW who are contemplating a temporary change of address during September should notify the Publisher, 9 King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2.

## REVIEWS

## MODERN EVOLUTIONISM

*Evolution in the Light of Modern Knowledge.*  
A Collective Work. Blackie. 21s. net.

THIS timely book by thirteen British investigators and thinkers gives us a cross section of modern evolutionism, and may be welcomed as going one better than the well-known and excellent collection of Yale Lectures by American experts. Conspicuous in both is the wide sweep, for both begin with the nebula and end with religion. The story begins with cosmogony, and Dr. Jeans pictures with his well-known lucidity the genesis of our solar system. Some millions of millions of years ago the earth and all that in it is, including the atomic make-up of the bodies of you and me, formed a minute fraction of a huge nebular mass, which passed through "seeming random forms" and became a spiral nebula. This ultimately broke up, throwing off stars as a "Catherine wheel" firework its sparks, and one of these stars became our sun, still so glorious in spite of its shrunken dimensions. Some time during the sun's span of ages there came a wandering star so close that it raised a huge solar tide, the spindrift of which became the planets and their satellites, likewise our earth and its moon.

The account of the earth's genesis, as we prefer to call it, is continued by Dr. Harold Jeffreys, who tells us with commendable caution how the moon was born while the earth was still liquid, how solidification of the earth began and how the mountains were formed by the crumpling of its crust. But how little certainty there is, as yet, in regard to such fundamental problems as the making of continents, or the age of the earth—though nothing under 1,400 millions of years is admitted into consideration. Even on the theory that green plants made the oxygen of the air, this sceptic throws doubt, because, as he says, "the most primitive plants are not green." We doubt this very much; and, in any case, it may be that "green is as green does."

Professor W. W. Watts leads us in the geological chapter across the boundary line between inorganic genesis and organic evolution, and a very interesting chapter it is, with its recognition of difficulties and its vivid suggestion of the insurgent sweep of life's advances in correlation with an environment also pulsating with change.

Professor Lloyd Morgan's contribution is luminous with wise ideas. He has a fresh vision of a staircase of evolution rather than an inclined plane. He sees an "échelle des êtres," in which at each step new qualities "emerge," not as additive resultants, but as life-expressions of new integrations. Thus while holding to the hypothesis that the first organisms emerged in a step-like way from the womb and cradle of the inorganic, he remains convinced of the validity of the distinction between the living and the lifeless. There are events in the organism's life that are different from anything we observe in the inorganic world, that require biological concepts for their description. So at higher levels, at least, there must be a twofold, though often intertwined interpretation—biological, to be told in terms of present organic influences, and psychological, to be told in terms of mental reference. But the one story or the other will be most relevant according as the organism is permanently or temporarily more of an enminded body or more of an embodied mind. What is to be avoided is trying to tell the two stories at once, or forgetting that at the core of both stories there is the idea of a hereditarily continued urge, both metabolic and mental. In short, Professor Lloyd Morgan pleads for regarding evolution as essentially "hormic." But we must get a better word!

Professor F. O. Bower, always a clear writer, discusses the problems of evolution more concretely, with particular reference to Ferns. He shows how the

known facts, anatomical and palaeontographical, are illumined by the general idea of evolution, and, in turn, throw light on the factors operative in the long process. The facts lead him to a cautious Mnemic theory, that what is directly impressed upon a succession of individual lives, e.g., by increasing size, to take a simple case, may become racially enregistered. Professor E. W. MacBride, dealing with animal evolution, is even more strongly Lamarckian, in the narrower sense of that term. "Wherever we look in the animal kingdom we find that habit is response to environment and that inherited structure is nothing but the crystallization of the habits of past generations." He argues powerfully for his thesis, staking a great deal on the experiments of Kammerer and of Durken, but he often seems to us to draw his valiant bow too tight, e.g., in his summing up of mutations as the outward and visible signs of an inner germ-weakening; and therefore of no significance in evolution. But we see more than germ-weakening in a genius!

It is often pointed out that anatomical features in our body or any other bear witness to past history, but Professor M. S. Pembrey has shown more clearly than any previous writer that the same holds for physiological features. His chapter is full of sound ideas: "the need of biological conceptions in physiology"; "the germ cells do not live a life apart from the common life of the organism"; but his denial of the reality of acquired characters or somatic modifications seems to us to be verbal cutting of a knot, rather than a factual untying; and his forcible condemnation of "birth control" is untenably extreme.

Professor Elliot Smith gives as usual an illuminating sketch of the rise and early progress of mankind, and protests with vigour against the illegitimate biologist of forcing purely zoological terms and concepts on cultural history. Professor Williard McDougall carries the evolution-idea into psychology, though at once dismissing as hopeless, if not self-contradictory, the attempt to describe the evolution of mind from something that is not mind. He regards life and mind as co-extensive, and makes a rousing argument for the recognition of "purposive striving" (we should rather say "endeavour") as a *vera causa* in evolution, operative throughout, from the amœba to man.

We have more than exhausted our limits of space, and can only mention the other notable chapters in this important book. Professor Frederick Soddy deals with the idea of evolution as it applies to matter, and decides against its legitimacy. Dr. A. A. Robb profoundly discusses time and space; Professor A. E. Taylor tosses the evolution-concept on a sharp-pointed philosophic fork; Canon Wilson has wise things to say in regard to the "illuminating and constructive effect of the idea of evolution." One's general impression after reading this important book is that while few strides have been made in the theory of organic evolution since Darwin's day, evolutionist thinking has become steadily more reasonable, as it has become more subtle. The divergence from a crudely mechanistic presentation of evolutionist ideas is very marked in the present volume. Dr. Allan Ferguson, originator of this collective work, deserves to be congratulated, as well as the contributors and publishers; but what is needed now is a simplified popular edition which could be understood of the people and bought for half-a-crown. It would be worth while.

J. ARTHUR THOMSON

#### AMERICAN HISTORY

*Factors in American History.* By A. F. Pollard. Cambridge University Press. 8s. 6d. net.

THE title of Professor Pollard's new book, which is based on lectures delivered last spring on the Sir George Watson Foundation, invites a comparison with his earlier work, 'Factors in Modern History.' The

present volume has not quite the same easy mastery of its subject. Professor Pollard disclaims any profound contribution to the study of American history, of which he confesses himself but a "casual student." In one sense we are not sure that this is not an advantage, for it enables the author to avoid the mistake of assuming that his readers have a more detailed knowledge than they are likely to possess. In his Preface he says, "I should like to add, if I might be so bold, that if Britons were as conspicuously eager to learn about the United States as American students are about England, there would be fewer obstacles to that better understanding which it is the object of the Sir George Watson Foundation to foster." His method is to give a survey of American history arranged under a number of general heads such as Conservatism, Imperialism, Idealism, and it is, we think, ideally suited to the end in view, namely, to familiarize Englishmen with the salient features of American history. For that purpose this little volume may be highly commended, for we doubt whether many people in this country have more acquaintance with the history of the "larger half" of the English-speaking race than a few (usually inaccurate) ideas about the War of Independence and the Civil War.

Professor Pollard emphasizes the points of similarity between English and American history and draws attention to the "family likeness" which may often be discerned. His insistence on the importance of tradition and conservatism in moulding the American character shows that, if a casual, he is also a penetrating student. Occasionally, no doubt, we may think he misses a point, as in the omission to refer to the striking prophecy of Montcalm that if the English conquered Canada they would lose America, and to the connexion between the Irish and American questions in the eighteenth century. Again, he touches but lightly on the economic aspect of the American Revolution though he is familiar with the results of the researches of the modern school of American historians. English readers will probably find most valuable the lucid account of the frontier and its influence on American history, where he follows the extremely suggestive essay by F. J. Turner. But Professor Pollard is always instructive and never dull. He has an interesting quotation from the SATURDAY REVIEW (November 23, 1861) on the administration of Lincoln. "The land of the free," runs the passage, "is a land in which electors may not vote for fear of arrest, and judges may not execute the law for fear of dismissal, in which unsubmitting advocates are threatened with imprisonment and hostile newspapers are suppressed." He brings out clearly that the Civil War was not about slavery but States-rights and the preservation of the Union, and he ascribes the decisive influence to the West. Equally illuminating is his account of the commercialism in politics after the Civil War. "What sort of legislature have you got?" asked Lord Bryce in a particular State. "As good a one as money can buy," was the reply. But Professor Pollard does not omit the great change which came after 1890, when the frontier influence ceased to be dominant and idealism became, on the whole, the strongest influence in American politics. In conclusion he makes an eloquent plea, which we trust will be regarded, for the study of American history, "in the interests alike of humanity and the humanities."

#### SPORTING PRINTS

*The Story of British Sporting Prints.* By Captain Frank Siltzer. Hutchinson. 30s. net.

"**W**HETHER a sporting print is technically what we may term *all right* or no is only of any consequence under certain circumstances"—and after reading Captain Siltzer's book we find ourselves applying that jewelled sentence to works in general upon connoisseurship. This book is no doubt "technically

what we may term *all right*," if some knowledge of sporting prints is all that we require. But if "certain circumstances" include a little appreciation of deft and simple English—to say nothing of fine production of letterpress and illustrations, then it is to be feared that the work under review is *all wrong*, and the italics of which the author makes such lavish use should be especially emphasized. In this respect (and in some others) Captain Siltzer reminds us of Pierce Egan, who, too, knew his subject and was full of an enthusiasm which he communicated to his readers, but who wrote in a style which was, to say the least, awkward.

In this book the various engravers of sporting prints are arranged in alphabetical order, and to each of the most important the author devotes a section. He gives us biographical information regarding the man himself, discusses the sport he was chiefly engaged in illustrating, and the persons (and, for example, the horses) which occur in his prints. This he follows with a list of each engraver's works under the years in which they were published. From the Alkens to the Wolstenholmes his tastes are, with one startling exception, usual, his information exhaustive. Even very experienced collectors of sporting prints will find here much that is useful and interesting, though spurious work is dismissed far too easily.

"We do not propose," Captain Siltzer says in his Introduction, "to discuss in detail here forgeries or 'fakes' printed otherwise than off the original plate; some are quite obviously faked, while others require a very close scrutiny to detect them. In most cases the paper and colouring are evidence sufficient of modern origin, but a superficial examination may fail to settle the point, especially if the original be a lithograph. The paper is often the deciding factor, for many of the sporting prints were printed on a Whatman paper, dated; this, however, must not be considered as absolutely conclusive, as much of this old paper has been extracted from albums of a bygone day and used with a purpose for modern fakes; on the other hand, too, quite a good number of old prints were on a plain paper and undated."

That is all very well, and no doubt the art of print forgery has not yet been so systematically exposed as that which seeks to counterfeit antique furniture, but the subject is of paramount importance and there was, one would think, a great deal more to say about it.

In his estimate of one artist, at all events, this author's opinion is really astonishing. "Great admirer as he is"—speaking of himself—"of Rowlandson, whom he considers to be the first draughtsman of what we might almost name the cartoons of his day, he nevertheless actually dislikes the vulgarity and inelegance which pervade the greater part of this painter's work. Rowlandson seemed to find it quite easy to comply with the popular sentiment; his own inclination lay in the direction of portraying low life and in accentuating its sordid aspect in grotesque exaggeration." And two hundred and odd pages further on we find: "although Rowlandson designed quite a number of sporting events, they are too much in the nature of caricatures to be mentioned here." Why?

The best part of the book lies in the copiously "documented" accounts of English sport during the great days of the early nineteenth century, and in the vast amount of amusing and instructive anecdote which the author has collected. In a footnote he explodes the generally held opinion that the series of 'The Night Riders of Nacton' celebrate the first steeplechase on record, for a match was made in 1752 in Ireland and another in Leicestershire in 1792. The officers of the cavalry regiment at Ipswich rode their famous race to Nacton Church in 1803. The author is wrong, however, in his pugilistic section in saying that "Gentleman" John Jackson beat Daniel Mendoza in their fight at Hornchurch in two minutes. They fought, in fact, for nine rounds, and even in those days when rounds ended whenever a man fell, they must necessarily have been in the ring for longer than that.

BOHUN LYNCH

### THEN AND NOW

*Memories and Reflections.* By Lady Troubridge. Heinemann. 10s. 6d. net.

THE antecedents and circumstances of Lady Troubridge enable her to observe life in its variety. From an Anglo-Indian stock and a courtly adherent of Marie Antoinette banished to Pondicherry, spring seven daughters with their measure of beauty and vivacity. Mrs. Cameron and Mrs. Thoby Prinsep—these Patties, as who should say Newcomes or Forsytes—were indeed racy and irrepressible. In the next generation there are alliances with Somersets, Russells, and those Quaker bankers and philanthropists the Gurneys, fitly celebrated in literature. And, in the third, the girlhood of Lady Troubridge is overshadowed by financial crash; and other tragedy lies in lurk for her sister, the late Countess of Dudley. Meanwhile they are under the spell of George Frederick Watts, their housemate, and learn of him "values, the beauty of beauty, the joy of joy, the marvel of heroic deeds." And Tennyson is hard by, ready for rambles and revelation of his fundamental simplicity. As her mother before her, so she wins the tactful consideration of King Edward.

These and many another figure she calls forth, out of an overflowing heart of kindliness. Shrewd and humorous, she is not for heightening anecdote to an edge of malice. She displays the Victorian scene, and that of the present. When the time comes for any adequate comparison between Victorians and Georgians, recourse will usefully be had to these pleasant pages of detail and generalities. She balances; holds both with the good old times and the better new. "I believe I shall always think the present days the best, which is, I submit, as it should be." Perchance she is helped to this impartiality by her study of the novel. She has an eye to effective qualities in the "best

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sellers" that follow and antiquate each other. The times and the public must be served as they require; but also the themes should be of broad appeal. For herself, romance is perennial. And ever there is the glowing heart of life, fraught with golden moments and searching sorrow.

Evidently, Lady Troubridge could tend towards the dramatic, the colourful, the exuberant. But in these pages she will not overstep the modesty of nature. She is well-balanced, normal. And normality—is not that as much as to say fitness and the golden mean?

### POLITICAL REMINISCENCES

*What I Have Seen and Heard.* By J. G. Swift MacNeill. Arrowsmith. 18s. net.

THAT good fighter who attracted Lord Fisher's admiration to such a degree that he wished for him in the Navy might be expected to produce a volume of reminiscences of unusual interest. Mr. MacNeill apologizes for the frequency of the first personal pronoun, but in truth it may be said that if there is much "I" there is no egotism. Moreover, though the point of his satire is often keen, the writer's Irish combativeness is so far tempered with the traditional Irish courtesy that no offence could be taken by friend or foe. The Dublin of his boyhood, Oxford, the Court, and Westminster, are all drawn on, and the selection is unusually happy.

In his childhood Guinness's was a growing brewery forced by a boycott to develop a foreign trade. A strange instance of a boycott bringing fortune to the victim! We are introduced to the pleasing personality of Sir Benjamin Guinness, whose restoration of St. Patrick's Cathedral led a cynic to suggest a text from Hebrews for the inaugural sermon. A description of Vice-Provost Barrett, the go-easy don only interested in books and guineas, recalls Lever's famous portrait in Charles O'Malley, of which this must surely be the original. For Ingram and Mahaffy, and indeed most of the dons of T.C.D., Mr. MacNeill had both reverence and love; but a difference of opinion with one Stack, a scholarship examiner, caused him to migrate to Oxford. At the House he came under the influence of Dean Liddell, his respect for whom was deep and lasting. He was evidently struck by the strange dual personality of Campbell Dodgson, the dry mathematician and the author of 'Rhyme and Reason.'

Mr. MacNeill's only meeting with Froude appears to have been the occasion when he drove the historian from the room with a Home Rule speech compiled from his writings! The Bar and the political world are naturally much interwoven in the book: so many lights of the Irish legal world were also politicians. We have most interesting pen pictures of Isaac Butt, whose personal charm was the secret of his failure, O'Neill Daunt, the O'Gorman Mahon, and Parnell. There is a delightful sketch of Mr. Healy, with whom the author was often at daggers drawn, "vitriolic but tenderhearted." By the way, both John and William Redmond were Mr. MacNeill's law pupils and were associated with him in the protest against the cession of Heligoland.

At Westminster the author is, of course, very much at home. He saw three Speakers, Peel, Gully and Lowther, each of whom he describes, though his award is to the last as the greatest Speaker of all time. Of the great men of the House he writes of Gladstone "excitable yet restrained," a hard hitter, but chivalrous in the highest degree, and Balfour, whose combination of ability and courtesy inspired a degree of respect and admiration almost if not quite equal to that inspired by his aged opponent.

The author relates with an obvious chuckle a *faux pas* of the accurate Joseph Chamberlain who, shortly after the Pigott trial, eulogized the Conservative Government and described them as "successfully forging their way." Of Rhodes and his relations with Gordon, of the mutual devotion of the Harcourts,

father and son, of Labouchere in the House, in the Press, and in the smoking-room, space will not permit us to tell, but they are all in the book. It is a matter for congratulation that Mr. Swift MacNeill has at last been persuaded to publish some of his recollections.

### SHORTER NOTICES

*The London Comedy.* By C. P. Hawkes. The Medici Society. 7s. 6d. net.

OF the making of books about London there is no end. Power to add to their number is still claimed by writers, though the man who ventures yet another contribution to a subject so manifestly exhausted is not without a certain temerity. Can anything new be said about London? Perhaps not, but old things can be said in a new way. So, and so only, is the reputation of them justified. After all, we must each of us discover London for himself, and Colonel Hawkes writes with all the joyousness and exuberance of the pioneer. London is for him a city of infinite variety, and he can find pleasure in all her changing aspects. There is an admirable chapter here on 'Advent in the Abbey,' while 'In Chambers,' 'The Strand and Charing Cross' and 'The Passing of the Butcher Boy'—to name but three—form the subjects of discerning and discriminating sketches. The book "is dedicated" with deference and homage, to "the constable on point duty at Hyde Park Corner—by no means the least important of London's "characters."

*Howson of Holt.* By J. H. Simpson. Sidgwick and Jackson. 3s. 6d. net.

THIS is a vivid picture of a striking personality by an admiring colleague. We may agree or disagree with some of Howson's theories, but there can be no question of the keenness of mind and vigour of character which made him so powerful an influence over all who came into contact with him. Reacting from the narrow classicism of the old public school, and equally from the cult of the athlete, he was at one time in danger of going to the opposite extreme; but a local Head saved him from disaster and his own boys probably played as much as their neighbours though they talked less about it. Even the despised classical studies were tolerated in the end, though some strong prejudices remained. "Of theology as of philosophy he was as impatient as he was ignorant," says his friend, who quotes the remark: "Biography! why that is almost as dull as history."

Yet the man who had no use for history had an intense interest in the living boy. To him all boys were interesting, and he had a profound belief in the importance of cultivating confidence between boys and masters and in the necessity for moulding character from without, rather than depending on growth from within. Here, of course, he is on controversial ground. But such were his opinions, and he had the gift of making his theories succeed in practice among the boys with whom he came in contact.

*The Fishes of the British Isles.* By J. Travis Jenkyns. Warne. 12s. 6d. net.

THE need for a book which would enable the all-round naturalist and the beginner satisfactorily to identify the various species of fish likely to be met with in British waters has long been conspicuous. Though works on British birds or British butterflies, whose national importance is far smaller, are to be counted in dozens or even hundreds, the present volume is the first attempting to cover the whole list of British fishes which has been published this century. It is consequently a relief to find when the necessary work appears that it is such a competent and on the whole satisfactory one as this. Obviously it is impossible in fewer than four hundred pages to treat the life-

history of each at any length, but in the case of every species usually found there is a brief account of the means of identification and a good plate—there are 128 coloured plates alone and a further 150 uncoloured. The family characteristics are also detailed, and besides an introduction, a list of British fishes and various statistical and bibliographical tables, there is a very adequate index. Altogether a sound and recommendable little book which reaches the high level of excellence of the rest of the *Wayside and Woodland* series.

*Boethius, de Consolazione Philosophiae.* Edited by Adrian Fortescue. Burns, Oates and Washbourne. 12s. 6d. net.

A GOOD edition of the text of the 'De Consolazione' has long been needed, and it is good to know that the work which the late Father Fortescue had lavished upon it was in such a state of completeness that his colleague Father Smith is able to publish it and to supply the preliminary dissertation and appendices as Fortescue would have written them. The 'De Consolazione' is one of the few works which have influenced the thought of Europe from the day of writing until the time when the popularization of reading and the multiplicity of books destroyed their influence. It has always been a debatable point whether Boethius was a Christian or a Pagan. Fortescue believed he was a Christian, and some of his expressions are only to be explained as part of a Christian vocabulary; for example, the distinction between angels and demons. A very interesting list of Dante's obligations to the 'De Consolazione' will be of value to students of Italian. We are glad to have this opportunity of expressing our obligations to the memory of a great scholar whose published work, up to the present, had hardly represented the width of his learning—its depth was always apparent. Father Smith is to be thanked for a not unimportant share of the value of this book in the shape of excellent indexes and careful editing and proof-reading.

*The Handbook of Sierra Leone.* By T. N. Goddard. Grant Richards. 10s. 6d. net.

THIS is an official publication, under the authority of the Government of Sierra Leone, edited and largely written by a member of the Secretariat. It is a somewhat massive volume for a handbook, but contains a good deal of interesting matter. The historical sections with which the book commences will be read with pleasure by those whose bent is towards the study of early colonial development. Population, religion, and education are treated at some length, and there is an exposition of the somewhat complex system of land-tenure which is reasonably intelligible to the uninitiated. Much information is to be found as to the products of the colony and the trading opportunities afforded. A series of elaborate appendices conclude the book. A short but efficient index and some good maps are included, in addition to which there are a number of photographs.

The *National Review* for September has less literary matter than usual. The Vice-Provost of Eton gives us in 'Glimpses of Greek Poetry' a number of translations of Aristophanes, and Mr. Percy Stephens describes the peripeteia of 'A Seabord Stag.' Bishop Knox in 'Creating an Atmosphere' describes the growth of the Modern Anglo-Catholic Party. Capt. Cazalet discusses 'Men and Measures of the Past Session.'

The *Bulletin* of the John Rylands Library in its current number publishes a new document concerning the early spread of Christianity among the Mongols; a further contribution to Dr. Harris's theory of the northern centre of Apollo worship; a good account of the fighting ascetics of India; a paper on Pushkin and another on Virgil; and an illustrated article on Tindale and the early translations of the Bible into English, in which the Editor repeats the Marburg fiction for which the last evidence was destroyed fifteen years ago. The *Bulletin* is a most valuable record of the activities centring round the great library of Manchester.

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## PUBLISHERS' PRIZE

For the Acrostic Competition there is a weekly prize:—A Book (selected by the competitor) reviewed in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the problem was set.

## RULES

1. The price of the book chosen must not exceed a guinea; it must be named by the solver when he sends his solution, and be published by a firm whose name is on the list below.

Jen and Unwin	Harrap	Murray
Bale, Sons & Danielson	Heinemann	Nash & Grayson
Basil Blackwell	Herbert Jenkins	Odham's Press
Burns, Gates & Wash.	Hodder & Stoughton	Putnam's
boucne	Hodge	Routledge
Chapman & Hall	Hurst and Blackett	Sampson Low
Collins	Hutchinson	Selwyn Blount
Dent	Jarrold	S.P.C.K.
Fisher Unwin	Macmillan	Stanley Paul
Foulis	Melrose	The Bodley Head
Grant Richards	Mills & Boon	Ward, Lock
Gyldendal		Werner Laurie

2. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.

3. Envelopes must be marked "Competition," and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

Competitors not complying with these Rules will be disqualified.

Awards of Prizes.—When solutions are of equal merit, the result will be decided by lot.

Under penalty of disqualification, competitors must intimate their choice of book when sending solutions, which must reach us not later than the Friday following publication.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 184.

IN VICTOR HUGO'S BRAIN WE CAME TO LIFE.

1. Petulant, choleric, inclined to strife.
2. Like leafy chestnut, yielding grateful shade.
3. By Dr. Burney not the worst was made.
4. A wondrous sight your sluggard rarely sees.
5. Able, he should be, to converse with ease.
6. From heaven it fell, or so the story ran.
7. A name ne'er given to a western man.
8. When duty calls to arms, he lags behind.
9. Music and song, not of a solemn kind.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 182.

THE SAW BILINGUAL IN OUR "PILLARS" HIDDEN  
TO BRING TO LIGHT YOU SOLVERS NOW ARE BIDDEN.

1. Emblem of modesty, for fragrance prized.
2. One who the kings of Sparta supervised.
3. A spirit now I beg you to curtail.
4. Where effort's needed, if you're this, you'll fail.
5. Formed, as a rule, of iron, stone, or wood.
6. What in Light 4 I said again holds good.
7. A hat or head-dress once by soldiers worn.
8. Patient is he by whom it's calmly borne.
9. Curtail a famous actor, then transpose.
10. Reverse a vessel every house-wife knows.
11. A fabled monster with death-darting eye.
12. His claim is false, his narrative a lie.
13. When fate decrees, they, like the brave, must die.

## Solution of Acrostic No. 182.

V	iole	T	1	One of five magistrates chosen by the Spartans as a check on the regal power.
E	pho	R <sup>1</sup>	2	James Quin (1693-1766). For more than twenty years he was acknowledged to be the best actor in England.
R	ndolen	Um	3	That bare vowel "I" shall poison more than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.
I	roug	H	4	Romeo and Juliet, iii. 2. Fixed is the term to all the race of earth, And such the hard condition of our birth.
T	patheti	C	5	No force can then resist, no flight can save,
A	hak	O		All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.
S	ituperatio	N		POPE's 'Iliad,' vi. 628.
n <sup>1</sup>	u	Q <sup>2</sup>		
N	r	U		
C	ockatric	E <sup>3</sup>		
I	mposto	R		
T	imorou	S <sup>4</sup>		

ACROSTIC No. 182.—The winner is Mrs. E. Jacobson, 7 Onslow Crescent, S.W.7, who has selected as her prize 'Unknown Cornwall,' by C. E. Vulliamy, published by The Bodley Head and reviewed in our columns on August 29 under the title of 'The Charm of Cornwall.' Forty-six other competitors chose this book, twenty-one named 'One Increasing Purpose,' etc.

ALSO CORRECT: H. M. Vaughan, A. M. W. Maxwell, Zyk, Maud Crowther, Oakapple, Apacer 1, Peter, Hon. R. G. Talbot, C. A. S., Mrs. H. Gosset, Owl, St. Ives, and Jorum.

ONE LIGHT WRONG: Jop, Doric, Carlton, Glamis, Martha, Iago, Farsdon, J. Chambers, Gay, M. I. R., East Sheen, John Lennie, F. M. Petty, Plumbago, Baitho, Mrs. J. Butler, Baldersby, Sisyphus, Zoozoo, Reginald Eccles, Margaret, N. O. Sellam, D. L., R. H. Boothroyd, Yewden, Boskerries, Arpem, Stucco, Lilian, Igidie, Buster, Vera Hope, Ruth Bevan, A. R. N. Cowper-Coles, F. D. Leeper, Miss Kelly, C. J. Warden, Lady Mottram, Cameron, Ayesha, Rev. E. P. Gatty, Madge, Sir Reginald Egerton, and Miss M. Haydon.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG: L. M. Maxwell, Tyro, A. de V. Blathwayt, Apacer 2, Ceyx, Chip, Trike, J. R. Cripps, Barberby, Rho Kappa, C. H. Burton, Capt. W. R. Wolsey, H. Bowyer Smith, Beechworth, M. B., Jeff, Mrs. A. Lole, Pussy, M. A. S. McFarlane, G. W. Miller, and Melville. All others more.

Light 8.—Mr. J. Lennie remarks: "Vexation implies trifling annoyance, to bear which calmly does not call for much patience. On the other hand, to bear Villification calmly would seem to savour of pusillanimity."

M. S.—Correction accepted.

ACROSTIC No. 181.—Correct: Oakapple. One Light wrong: Hely Owen.

C. J. W.—I sent you a postcard immediately. It must have been lost in the post.

The *Church Quarterly* in its current issue has a number of papers of general interest. Dr. Reed gives us a history of the connexion of 'Wessex and Literature' from King Alfred to Mr. Hardy; Prof. Compton reviews 'Dr. Moffat's Translation of the Old Testament' and emphasizes its value as representing the results of the latest scholarship as applied to the Hebrew text; Dr. Williams writes on 'The Jews: Christian Apologists in Early Spain.' The Short Notices are of their usual importance and the summary of periodical literature is invaluable.

The *Empire Review* for October contains a valuable study of the problem of 'Unemployment,' by the Rev. Frederick Guest; a paper on 'The Geographical Position of the British Empire' by Dr. Vaughan Cornish, who deals with a trite subject in a new way; articles on the Tuaregs and a Chinese Monastery, and the customary notes on books, science and medicine, which are a special feature of the Review.

The *Bermondsey Book* contains Mr. Hugh Walpole's reply to some criticisms of his views on the Modern English novel; a lively article by Mr. H. W. Nevinson, who is always an attraction to those who know good writing; a paper by Dr. Haldane on Research; and a study by Mr. O. Burdett of 'The Writings of Frank Harris.'

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## MOTORING

## NEXT SEASON'S MODELS

By H. THORNTON RUTTER

WITH commendable promptitude the British and Continental motor manufacturers are announcing their next season's models, in order that the public can make an early choice and obtain delivery of their new cars at the date they require them. Custom has now established that the motoring year shall end on September 30, though usually new models are not announced until October—the date of the first of the series of the annual motor exhibitions in Europe. This year, owing to the impossibility of finding a suitable hall in Paris, there is to be no French motor show. London, therefore, will see all the new cars make their first official public appearance on October 9, when the motor exhibition opens at Olympia, a month earlier than usual. But in the meantime manufacturers are giving the public some idea of the trend of the design of their new productions. Viewed generally, a more complete and luxurious carriage is being provided at a lower cost, as, contrary to the prophecy of some critics, the renewal of the McKenna import duties on motor cars has not increased prices either of the home product or the imported vehicle. The equipment of the new models is even more complete than in the past. Front-wheel brakes, better springs, thermostats, shock absorbers, clocks and coachwork are all provided in an improved form, while greater attention is being paid to the seating capacity, to cushions, and to protection from the weather. Closed carriages are now to be provided at a lower cost than the open touring car of a few years ago, while small six-cylinder engines are giving the carriages smoothness of travel at a speed on the road comparable with that of big engines of a past decade.

To-day all classes of the public are being enticed to buy a car even if they have a most modest income to spend. The inexpensive saloon is perhaps the leading feature of the 1926 models, as it is tempting the public to own carriages in place of cars. On the other hand, the modest sum now demanded for the small two and four-seated car is bringing a new class of owner into the fraternity of motorists. Even if the newcomer cannot pay the full amount of its cost on delivery of the car, generous terms for deferred payments are now given so that one almost expects to see every family in the United Kingdom the possessor of a motor car in a very few years. According to a recent statement issued in New York the proportion of motor vehicles to population is six persons per car in the U.S.A., fourteen per car in Canada, twenty-one per car for New Zealand; while fifty-seven persons share one car in the United Kingdom, and sixty-nine in France. But for the limiting factor of garaging it would appear that England would not take long to reach the same position as New Zealand, having one car per twenty-one inhabitants, judging by the opportunities now being given to the public to buy cars easily and at very low first cost.

Motorists with ample means have such a multiplicity of models to choose from that their task of selection is increasing in difficulty. Each year brings new designs to their notice. They must now decide on eight, six or four-cylinder engines, with either sleeve-valves, overhead, or side-by-side poppet valves, carrying coachwork to seat five to seven persons, and capable of averaging about fifty miles an hour from the north-west of France to the Pyrenees. These cars have a maximum speed from seventy to ninety miles an hour and a luxuriousness of fittings that make them travelling boudoirs. Yet, strange to relate, few of them are provided with properly fitted head cushions to support the nape of the necks of the passengers. This is a small defect which may be worth pointing out.



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## 'Saturday Review' Competitions

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## CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

OME weeks ago I referred in these notes to the confusion that was likely to arise from the fact that members of the Mincing Lane Tea and Rubber Share Brokers' Association were to be allowed to advertise in the Press and I expressed the hope that the Committee of the London Stock Exchange would follow suit. But alas, the Stock Exchange Committee have presumably pointed out to their Mincing Lane friends the error of their ways, with the result that instead of the Stock Exchange advertising, permission to advertise is withdrawn from members of the Mincing Lane Association. There will be rejoicing in the hearts of the unscrupulous outside share-pushing fraternity, as this decision amounts to the fact that the field is still to be left clear for them. The Committee of the London Stock Exchange may be correct in the attitude they adopt, despite the fact that in every other country in the world genuine stockbrokers advertise, but I would suggest that it is one of their duties to protect the public even, if necessary, at the sacrifice of their own dignity.

## THE FUTURE OF WEMBLEY

One reads from time to time in the Press suggestions as to the ultimate fate of Wembley. It would appear that so far there are no very concrete ideas for the utilization of this site in a manner that would assist the unemployment question in London. I suggest that the opportunity be taken of trying to establish a British film industry: there surely is no reason why the monopoly should remain with America. A British film industry with its headquarters at Wembley would not merely give employment to large numbers of Londoners, but for propaganda purposes would be invaluable both here and in the Dominions. This is a case where the Government might take a financial risk in the form of an issue under the Trades Facilities Act, under which circumstances the powers of the British film world should find it possible to produce a scheme with every chance of financial success.

## FRISCOS

I have in the past frequently referred in these notes to San Francisco Mines of Mexico. I do so again because I am of opinion that they are exceptionally attractive. The Company's financial year ends on September 30, and it is possible now to arrive at some rough estimate of how the figures will appear.

The operating profit for ten months already reported totals \$1,329,049; taking a monthly average the profit of the last two months would amount to \$265,808, making a total of \$1,594,857 for the year. Assuming this profit has been converted into sterling at 4.85 $\frac{1}{2}$ , we obtain the sterling figure of £328,497. I imagine the bulk of these dollars have been converted at a much more favourable rate, so this figure should err on the conservative side.

Last year the net profit was £21,000 less than the operating profit. Presuming this year this is increased to £28,000 we have a net profit of £300,000; to this must be added £55,963 brought forward.

An Interim Dividend of 1s. 6d. has already been paid absorbing £112,795. A final dividend of 2s. will require £150,395, leaving a margin of over £90,000.

I think it therefore can be assumed as a certainty that a final dividend of 2s. will be paid, making 3s. 6d.

for the year. At the present price this shows a yield of over 13% which in itself is attractive, but in addition I hear well of the Mine and look for larger dividends next year. Under these circumstances I consider these shares of their class exceptionally attractive.

## A "TIP"

I am told to look for a substantial rise in Bradford Dyers in the reasonably near future, and I pass the information on, and with it the recommendation to take the tip. The present price is 85s.

## A MINING SHARE

On July 18 in these notes I recommended Bwana M'Kubwa at 5s. 3d.; they have since risen to 7s. Those who are prepared to hold these shares for six months if necessary should not hurry to sell as I see no reason why they should not go higher; those who are satisfied to take a quick profit should exchange into Rhodesia Broken Hills. This Company has recently made a fresh issue of shares that will provide ample funds for present requirements; the 5s. shares stand at present at about 4s., and I see no reason why they should not follow the lead of Bwana M'Kubwa. In these circumstances I recommend them.

## MINING SHARES

On May 23, in these notes, I recommended a purchase of West Rand Consols at 7s. 9d. This week they have touched 16s. 3d. Recent developments have been extremely promising; they are expected to reach 20s. this year. The same week I recommended General Mining at 14s. 9d., they are now 26s. On June 20, I recommended East Rands at 10s. 6d., unfortunately they have proved disappointing, but this week look a better market at 10s. 3d. I am still hopeful. I am now advised to buy Central Wests at 11s. 3d. and I pass on the tip.

## AUTOMATIC TELEPHONES

Early in February I recommended a purchase of Automatic Telephones at 32s. 6d., they are now 45s. 6d. My attention has now been drawn to the International Automatic Telephone Company, Limited, ordinary shares. For 1924 these shares received a dividend of 6%. I hear the company is doing extremely well and recommend these shares at the present price of 26s. 6d.

## CONSOLIDATED DIAMOND MINES

Last week I drew attention to, and recommended a purchase of Consolidated Diamond Mines at 21s. 9d. This week the price has risen to 23s. 3d. A dividend of 12 $\frac{1}{2}\%$  for the year is expected, so that the shares will look attractive at 30s., to which price I think they will rise.

## THE WEEK'S REPORTS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

The assets of four Trust Companies, the Anglo-Scottish, Atlantic Trust, Egyptian and Foreign Trust, and Status Investment, are to be taken over by a new company—the Anglo-Scottish Amalgamated Corporation.

Shareholders of J. Mandleberg & Company are to be offered the right to apply for 150,000 8% First Cumulative Participating Preference Shares in Harlens Viscose Silk Manufacturers.

The following rubber dividends have been declared:—Lower Perak interim 5%, no interim previous year. Hevea Trust 10% against 3% previous year. Padang Jawa final one penny a share making twopence for year against 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. previous year. Kinta Kellas final dividend 7 $\frac{1}{2}\%$ , making 12% for year against 10%.

D. Napier & Sons declare an interim dividend of 5%.

The Gold Coast Explorer Company has purchased the entire Prestea Block A Property and Machinery from the receiver.

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